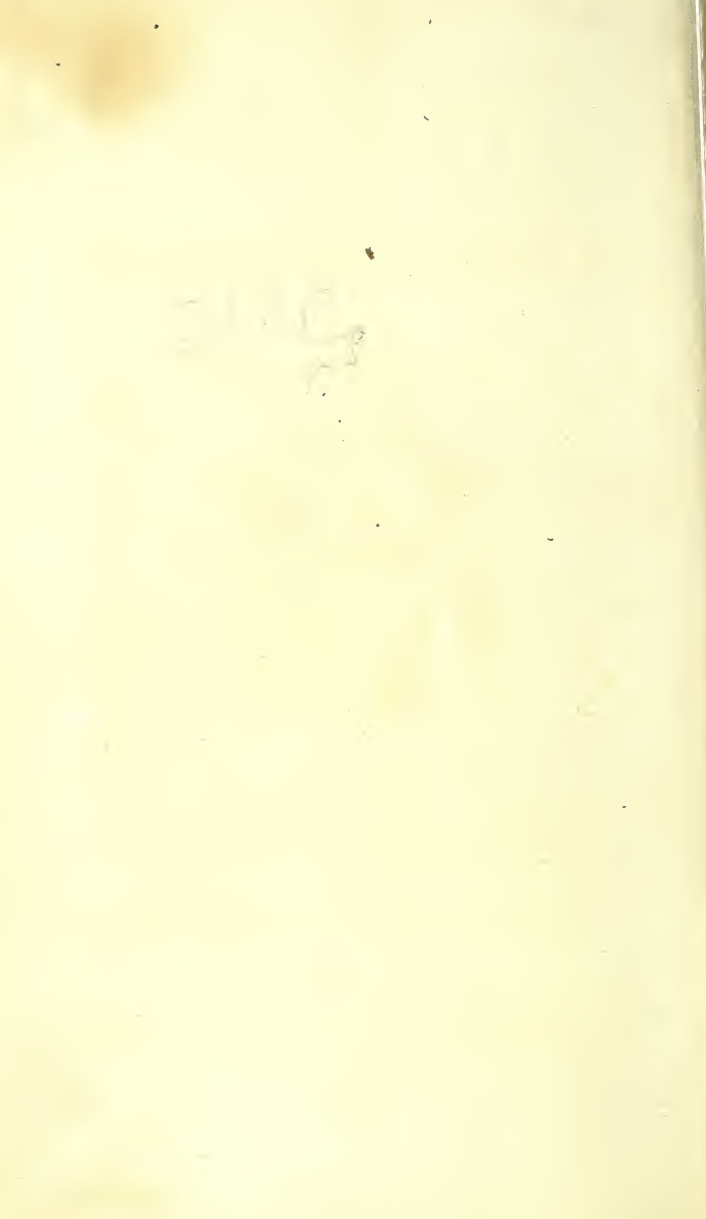


James Scarlett, Esq.^r



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THE
V I C T I M
OF
MAGICAL DELUSION;

OR,
THE MYSTERY
OF THE
REVOLUTION OF P—L:
A MAGICO-POLITICAL TALE.

FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS, AND
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

CAJETAN TSCHINK.

By P. W I L L.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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VI

P R E F A C E

OF THE

T R A N S L A T O R.

THE sources from which we derive the knowledge of what is good and true, originate from Sensation, Experience, Reflection, Reasoning, and from the genuine accounts we receive of the observations and the experience of others ; and we cannot miss the road leading to the Sanctuary of Truth, if we make a proper use of *all* these different Sources of Knowledge. If we, however, conceive an exclusive attachment to *one* of them, and for instance, confine ourselves merely to sensation and experience, if we desire to *see* and to *feel* those things which cannot be perceived by the senses, but are known to us only through the medium of our understanding ; if we, for example, are not satisfied with what the contemplation of nature, and the gospel teach us of God, but desire to have an immediate, and physical communion with the

a 3 invisible ;

invisible; we then cannot avoid the deviations of fanaticism, and are easily led to confound our *feelings* and *ideas* with external effects; the effects of our soul with effects produced by superior beings; we believe that we see, hear, and perceive what exists no where but in our imagination; we stray from ourselves and from the objects around us, to a world of ideas which is the workmanship of our fancy, and are misled by the vivacity and strength of our feelings, and mistake for *reality*, what is merely *ideal*. Thus we dream while we are awake, and sooner or later, find ourselves woe-fully deceived. All pretended apparitions, every imaginary communion with superior beings, the belief in witches, forcerers, and in the secret power of magical spells, owe their existence to this species of fanaticism, which always has given ample scope for preying on the weakness and ignorance of the sensitive and credulous; to those who, by their superior power of reasoning, by a more intimate knowledge of nature, and the human heart, have been able to avail themselves of the predominant propensity to the wonderful, which exercises an almost uncontrouled sway over people who in their search of Truth and Knowledge, are guided only by their senses, and by experience,

perience, which commonly are chosen by those who are addicted to laziness, and indolence, destitute of a proper knowledge of Nature and Religion, disinclined to, or incapable of thinking and investigating, ruled by wild, irregular passions, and endowed with a lively and prolific imagination.

This has been the chief reason that the numberless horde of impostors, who at all times have invaded the kingdom of truth and human felicity, have found it very easy to succeed in their attempts when playing off their fanatical engines for the sake of lucre or ambition, or with the view of carrying some political end. This sort of fanaticism and fanatical illusion, has never been more predominant in civilized Europe, than in the middle century, and raged with unabated fury till the immortal Wickliff, Luther, and their fellow labourers began to combat the prevailing religious errors, and restored reason, that overflowing source of knowledge and happiness, to her sacred rights. We should however, be mistaken if we were to imagine, that since the reformation, fanaticism has entirely lost its powerful influence on the human mind, for alas ! modern history furnishes us with but too many facts which serve to

prove undeniably, that this baneful foe to human happiness still counts many votaries.

Germany is one of those countries in which this monster lately has again erected his horrid crest, and one of her most powerful Princes has, of late, convinced the world, that even the palaces of the great, where unbelief generally is carressed most fervently, are not inaccessible to fanaticism's powerful charms.

The Prince whom I am speaking of has either been deceived by himself, or has been deceived by his courtiers, to such a degree that he firmly believes he shall be capable of extending one time the sway of his sceptre to the kingdom of spirits; and, as it has been loudly and *creditably* reported all over Germany, believed, some years ago, that he has raised up the spirit of his illustrious predecessor, and forced that man at whose nod half Europe trembled, to bow submissively to the magic wand of a man whom *all Europe despises*. How destructive this deviation of his weak mind has proved to the welfare of his subjects is but too well known to those who are no strangers to modern history. I need but to say, that he of late has created a religious tribunal in his dominions, which bears out too much similarity to the Inquisition of Spain,

Spain, and the readers of these pages will require no farther proofs of the baneful consequences which have originated from his errors.

This fact, equally disgraceful to the high personage in question, as it is of public notoriety in Germany, has roused some men of learning and public spirit to vindicate the sacred rights of reason, and to prove in a palpable manner that many extraordinary phenomena which, to the uninformed, appear to originate from supernatural causes, either may be contrived by means of natural magic, or arise from the wild irregular flights of a heated and disordered imagination and a weak understanding. That this was Mr. Tschink's view when he published the *Ghost-seer*, is evident from every page of his beautiful work, and that he has executed his plan in a masterly manner, has been acknowledged by all the friends of reason in Germany, where it has been received with the greatest applause, and, as it is hoped, not without benefit. That the latter may also be the case in this country, is the most ardent wish of the Translator, who owes so many blessings of his life, so many serene and happy days to this country, that it would be ungrateful in him if he patiently could behold the rapid strides
which

which the fanatic belief in the wonderful, makes in a country which has proved so blisful to him, without endeavouring to combat, at least with borrowed arms, the increasing propensity to whatever is uncommon and *appears* to be supernatural. That he, by introducing the present work to the English public, does not enter the list with a phantom of his imagination, is but too evident, witness the great notice which has lately been taken of Mr. Brothers, and the following advertisement, which among others of the same tenour, appears so frequently in the daily papers, that it would be impossible for the advertisers to defray the expences of advertising, if they did not succeed in their attempts to delude weak minds :

“ It has been allowed in former times as well as
 “ in these, that there is a peculiar destiny pre-
 “ siding over the life and fortune of every human
 “ being ; to discover which, and to avert ill fate,
 “ Mrs. Williams has her whole life studied the
 “ Occult Sciences ; she has conversed with
 “ the most learned astronomers of almost every
 “ country, and added their lucubrations to her
 “ own ; she has the honour of being patronized
 “ and visited by ladies of the highest distinction, to
 “ whom

“ whom she has foretold the most important events
“ of the present æra, &c. &c. &c.”

The Translator has nothing to add, but to apologize for the foreign idoms which may perhaps occur to the discerning eyes of the keen-sighted critic, and hopes that his labour will contribute, at least something to the destruction of fanaticism in this country.

P. W I L L.

T H E

T H E
V I C T I M
O F
M A G I C A L D E L U S I O N .

LETTER TO THE MARQUIS OF F - - -

THE king is informed of every thing; our plan is discovered: I have been betrayed, and am now in close confinement. Here I am sitting between impenetrable walls, and writing to you, alas! perhaps the last lines which you ever will receive from your hapless friend.

I apply to you, because I know your heart. You never have denied me a reasonable prayer, and you certainly will not refuse the last. Save what is most dear to me, save my honor. My journal

is in your possession; it contains the most important part of the history of my life. You may add what is wanting, and publish the whole.

I am not afraid to lose my life, but the idea of losing my honor drives me to distraction and madness. A dreadful prospect of futurity opens to my view; I behold my name branded with ignominy in the annals of my country, obliterated all the great and good actions I have performed; I behold myself ranked among criminals by posterity—You—you only can prevent it—and I am sure you will save my honor by publishing my history in a simple and artless manner. The world will be made acquainted with the secret springs of my actions, the enormous, unrivalled imposition by which I have been deluded; posterity will do me justice, and many a feeling soul will drop a tear of pity when my misfortunes shall be known.

But alas! the fetters that shackle my hands prevent me from writing any longer. The blood you see on this paper flows from my lacerated arm. Nevertheless I am taking up the pen once more,

in order to pray heaven to bless you, and to bid you an eternal adieu; for a dreadful presentiment tells me that I shall see you no more.

P. S. The gaoler would not promise to deliver this letter for less than 200 dobras (640 livres sterling;) give it him from the money which you have in hand; the rest keep as a legacy from your

Unfortunate Friend,

MIGUEL.

4 THE VICTIM OF

MEMOIRS

OF

MIGUEL DUKE DE CA*I*A.

I WAS 23 years old when my father, a grandee of P—l, sent me abroad under the tuition of Antonio, Count de ***, a man whose philosophical turn of mind and disinterested love for me had gained him my affection and esteem. We directed our course to ***. The nights being fine, we took advantage of that opportunity, and pursued our journey without stopping. We were not above two days journey from that town, when a terrible thunder storm overtook us in the night, which obliged us to stop at the next village. The inn being very indifferent, we apprehended it would afford us but poor accommodation, and resolved to beg the priest of the village to give us a night's lodging. Our attempt succeeded; we were received kindly and fared well.

well. The priest informed us, during supper, that there was an old desolated castle in the village, which was reported to be the residence of evil spirits, who would suffer no human being to inhabit it. Having always had an ardent propensity for adventures of that nature, I begged him to give me a lanthorn, intending to pay a visit to those misanthropic beings; and in spite of our host's theological and my tutor's philosophical remonstrances, insisted upon spending the night at the castle, in the company of the latter, and to try whether the airy lords of the manor would not prove more hospitable to me. At length they yielded to my impatient desire of being acquainted with these dreadful beings, and my servant, along with the man of our host, was ordered to follow me to the castle with beds and candles.

I led the way, carrying a lanthorn. On our arrival at the ancient fabric we perceived, close to the entrance, a staircase, which we ascended. A spacious hall presented itself to our view at the top of it; the walls were decorated with some

worm-eaten half decayed pictures, and on both sides of the hall were doors which led to the apartments. Having examined them, we made choice of that which was to the left, because it was nearest to the staircase. Our beds were laid on the floor, and two candles placed on an old worm-eaten table. As soon as I had sent away my servant, whose whole frame quivered with fear of ghosts and hobgoblins, with the man of our kind host, I bolted the door carefully, putting a loaded pistol on each side of my couch; my tutor unsheathed his sword, and thus armed, we went to rest. Having discoursed a little while on indifferent subjects, he fell asleep, overcome by the infirmities of his advanced age, and the fatigues of our journey.

It was however quite the reverse with me: I was lying on my couch, sleepless, and full of expectation of the things which were to come; I turned myself from one side to the other, but in vain! my imagination began to work and my blood to ferment. At length I got up and opened the window. The clock of the church steeple was just tolling eleven. Impene-
tiable

terrible darkness veiled every object around; the vivid lightning affording me only now and then a peep at the fields surrounding the castle: no sound was heard, but the distant rolling of the thunder, and the doleful dirge of the solitary owl. A strange sensation, which I cannot describe, thrilled my whole frame. I shut the window, and went to the bed of my tutor, who was fast asleep. As I was thus standing by his bed-side, I heard something rustle before the door. I started, ran towards it, but found it strongly bolted. The chilly vapours of the night, I had inhaled at the window, had left behind a very disagreeable sensation, accompanied by a kind of shivering, and I laid myself down again. A little while after the harbinger of rest touched my eyes with his leaden wand, and I was soon fast asleep. However I awoke just when the clock was striking twelve, and the last sound had scarcely reached my ears, when a dreadful noise arose which seemed to approach our room.

At length somebody knocked at our door. I got up without uttering a word,

and took hold of my pistols. After a long pause, it knocked a second time. I asked my tutor in a whisper, whether he had heard it? but received no answer. Now it knocked a third time; the door burst open with a thundering noise, and a frightful figure entered the room, directing its course towards me. Two fiery eyes, darting flashes of lightning at me, a voice like the roaring of a lion, joined with the clashing of chains, which the tall emaciated figure wore, would have been sufficient to dismay courage itself. However I was not yet entirely dispirited, and just going to fire a pistol at it, when my tutor suddenly started up, aiming a thrust against the spectre, which I thought would pin it to the wall; but it turned round, without having received the least hurt, collared my poor companion, and dashed him against the floor with so much force, that I thought he must have expired on the spot. Seeing this, all my remaining courage fled, and my pistols dropped to the ground. The spectre extinguished the candle and began to vent his whole fury against me, beating me unmercifully. His appearance

appearance in the dark made my blood run chill, and every hair stand on end, his whole body seeming to be encased in fire. At the same time a most tremendous noise arose over our room, doleful groans and lamentations assailed my ear, and I swooned away.

The spectre had retired, and the candles were burning again, when I recovered the use of my senses. Although I had been handled so roughly, that I scarcely could move, yet I endeavoured to creep to the spot where my tutor was stretched out, to all appearance, a lifeless corpse. Good God! how I was shocked, when I saw him as pale as ashes and disfigured with blood. After many fruitless endeavours to recall him to life, I succeeded at last. He spoke little, and what he said was hardly audible. I intended to watch by his bed-side, till the dawn of day should enable us to leave that residence of horror; however I found it impossible; I grew so faint, that I was obliged to lie down after I had bolted the door.

I now began to muse on the apparition, and when reason began to recover her

sway, I was ashamed of my cowardly behaviour, and, determined to follow the spectre if it should appear once more, which it soon did. The groans and lamentations and the thundering noise over our head were renewed; the door was burst open, and I treated as cruelly as on the first visit of the spectre. However I preserved my whole recollection, and when my terrible visitor retired, pursued him on tip-toe, armed with sword and pistol, which I could do so much easier, as the gloomy light it emitted showed me the way. Fortunately my grisly conductor did not look back. He descended the staircase and entered a long vaulted passage, but had not advanced six steps when he suddenly disappeared, leaving me behind in the dark. I was struck with dumb astonishment, being not able to comprehend what could have become of him. Imagine my situation! what could I do in an unknown dangerous place, surrounded with impenetrable darkness and deserted by my conductor? However, I soon resolved to advance boldly, and without
much

much hesitation endeavoured to reach the bottom of the passage; but how great was my terror, when the floor suddenly gave way beneath my feet, and I sunk down into a deep vault. My pistol went off with a tremendous noise, and I found that I was lying on a heap of hay and straw. Before I could get upon my legs, four masked men in black appeared with torches in their hands, calling to me in a thundering accent, how I dared to intrude where no visitors were admitted? At the same time they laid hold of me, and dragged me forcibly after them. Having passed many subterraneous passages and concealed stair-cases, my conductor stopped suddenly and pulled a bell. In an instant a massy folding door burst open, and I entered a hall, illuminated by a number of torches, where I beheld at a long table twelve masked persons, the deportment of whom bespoke the superiority of their rank.

He who was seated at the head of the table, addressed me with a commanding voice: "Unhappy wretch! what has tempt-

" ed thee to visit this castle? Couldst thou

“ not think that thy rashness will cost thee
“ thy life? Make thy peace with God, for
“ thou must die without mercy!” “ How,
“ —I replied—die? Well, then I vow,
“ my death shall cost you dear!” So
saying, I grasped my sword; however they
told me to desist from such childish
pranks, and disarmed and carried me to a
dark chamber.

The horrid spectre of a violent death
stared me in the face, and a chilly tremor
shook my whole frame. But what affected
me more than the impending loss of my
life, was the idea of what would be
the fate of my beloved tutor, the guar-
dian angel of my juvenile days, my second
father, and more than friend, whom I
had hurried into the gulph of destruc-
tion, through my heedless temerity.
I was going to curse my fatal curiosity, and
to give vent to loud lamentations, when
I accidentally saw a glimmering of light,
peeping through a crack in the door of my
prison; putting my ear close to it, I heard
how they were consulting what was to be
done with the prisoner.

Some

Some were of opinion, it would be best to dispatch me without ceremony; however one of the dread assembly, more humane than the rest, proposed to examine me strictly, before sentence should be pronounced against me. His advice was adopted, and I summoned to appear before the awful assembly. “What has brought you to this castle?” their chief began—“concealing the truth will avail you nothing; however, a sincere confession may perhaps save your life. For what reason did you come to the castle?”

“I have been tempted by curiosity,” I replied; “having been told, that bad spirits resided here, I was desirous to get acquainted with them.”

“Who has told you so?”

“The priest of the village, who will confirm the truth of my assertion, if you will question him.”

“Who are you, and where do you come from?”

“I am the only son of a rich grandee. Do you hear! the *only* son. If you are no strangers to pity, consider, what a
“deadly

“deadly wound you will inflict upon the heart of my father by assassinating me.”

“Where do you come from?”

“From Estremadura, my native town.”

“Whither did you mean to travel?”

“I was going to visit the principal towns of Europe.”

“Where did you intend to stop first?”

I named the town.

“What is your name?”

When I pronounced my name, he started up, but instantly retook his seat.

“What is your name?” he inquired once more.

I repeated it.

“And who is your companion?” enquired another, whom I knew, by his figure and voice, to be the same person who had acted the ghost.

“My companion is my tutor.”

“Bring him hither!” said the first to two of his companions.

I then was re-conducted to my prison, and ere long heard the voice of my fellow adventurer, who was asked the same questions which had been put to me, and returned

turned the same answers. He was ordered to retire, and a long consultation began; it was however carried on in so low an accent, that I could hear nothing distinctly.

After a few minutes, we were summoned again to appear before the dreadful council, and heard, to our unspeakable joy, that we should be set at liberty, if we would swear a solemn oath, never to reveal what we had seen and heard, and to relate a fictitious tale of horror to our host. This done, we were re-conducted by four persons to the passage, where we were left to ourselves.

“ How fortunate it was (said my tutor, when our conductors had left us,) that you did not swerve from truth when you was examined; a single falsehood would have cost us our life. Your veracity has saved us.”

“ If I am not mistaken, we also owe something to my name.”

“ To your name?”

“ Certainly! for when I pronounced it, I perceived, that my examiner was
“ seized

“ seized with a sudden emotion. He
“ started up and asked me twice. I plainly
“ perceived that it produced a strong
“ effect on his mind.”

“ You may be right (said my tutor) but
“ however that may be, we ought to thank
“ Providence for our happy deliverance.”

I begged his pardon for having endangered his life, and caused him so many cruel blows through my youthful rashness and disobedience; however he assured me, that he was not in the least angry with me, and that he felt no pain at all, except a slight head-ache.

I found myself much worse, all my limbs being thrilled with excruciating pains, as if broken on the wheel.

We arrived mechanically at the parsonage, but would not make the least disturbance, the day beginning just to dawn, and laid ourselves down upon the grass, beneath a spreading oak, discoursing on the events of the preceding night.

We beguiled two hours with confidential talk, before any body in the parsonage was stirring. As soon as we perceived
that

that the people of our kind host were risen, we went to bid a good morning to the hospitable priest, and related as much of our nocturnal adventure as we could without violating our promise. The worthy ecclesiastic blessed and crossed himself when he heard our narrative of the events of that fatal night, which we took care to represent with additional horrors. After breakfast we thanked him for his hospitality, making him a present for the beds we had left at the castle, and continued our journey, which we commenced as cheerful as it could be expected, considering the poignant pain I still felt in every part of my body, and the head-ache of my tutor.

We met with no farther adventure on the first day, but at the close of the second were surprised by a very odd incident. Within two hours distance from the town, whither we were travelling, we saw a lame beggar coming directly towards us from a wood which we were passing. He called to the coachman to stop a little; however, he did not mind it, but drove on. In less
than

than a few minutes the beggar was at the window of our coach, entreating my tutor to give him something. We ordered the coachman to stop, at the same time staring at each other with astonishment, because the beggar was dressed in a most whimsical manner. His motley coat was composed of numberless rags which scarcely kept together; his waistcoat, which reached down to his knees, was of blue satin and richly embroidered; and the remaining part of his body was naked. His snow-white beard, floating down his breast, contrasted strangely with his black hair, and yet we did not laugh, nor dared to question him about his strange appearance, for although he looked extremely tragical, yet he had something in his countenance which commanded respect. My tutor pulled his purse, offering him some pieces of silver coin:—"Silver and gold I do not want," was his answer, "but be so kind as to give me your shoes and stockings." "Strange being," said my tutor smiling, and ordered the servant to give him some out of our travelling trunk.

trunk. "No!" replied the beggar, "I want the shoes and stockings you wear." "Has there ever been heard any thing of that kind?" said my tutor to me. "Be gone, insolent wretch! do you mean to make your game of us?" The beggar stuck close to the coach window, exclaiming, "and if you kill me, my lord, I will not leave you before you have granted my prayer." This insolent obstinacy raised the anger of my companion, and thinking to frighten him away, he took one of his pistols, offering to shoot him. "Fire at me," said he fearlessly, "if you are mean enough to shed the blood of a fellow creature for the sake of a paltry pair of shoes and stockings." My tutor stared at him. "If thou art determined to have my shoes and stockings, then no choice is left me, but to grant thy prayers." So saying, he began to pull them off. The beggar seeing this, came to the other side of the coach, and begged very humbly to have my breeches and coat. "Indeed! this is too bad!" I exclaimed; "go out of my sight, else I will chastise thee

“ thee for thy insolence.” He stared at me awhile, with dreadful looks, and then raised a laugh which frightened me.—

“ How will this end?” said my tutor to me, ordering the coachman to drive on. However the horses had not advanced three steps, when the beggar sallied forth, and brought one of them to the ground by a violent stroke with one of his crutches. My tutor grew pale. “ I am sorry,” said the beggar, after a short pause, “ that you force me by your obstinacy to act thus; be so kind to give me what I have desired, and then you may drive on in peace.” I pulled off my coat and breeches, and having taken the money out of the latter, gave him what he desired, my tutor doing the same. While we were putting on other cloaths, he stood silently by the coach, and when we had done, addressed us in the following manner: “ Since you have been so kind to me, gentlemen, I will return your kindness, and warn you not to stop at the hotel of * * * (here he described it to us) on your arrival at

“ the

“ the town, and then I beg the favour
 “ of you to meet me here next Friday
 “ against sun-set.” So saying, he bowed
 and left us, disappearing in the adjacent
 wood.

Meanwhile our horse had recovered,
 and we continued our journey with all
 possible speed, lest a new adventure might
 interrupt us once more. “ What do you
 “ think of that strange being?” said I,
 after a long silence which had reigned in
 our carriage. “ I do not know what to
 “ think of him,” he replied, “ he either
 “ must be——but, pray, have you taken
 “ the money out of your breeches? 300
 “ ducats and two rings set with diamonds,
 “ would indeed have been a fine gift!”
 So saying, I put my hand mechanically
 in my pocket, but how great was my ter-
 ror, when I found the apprehension of my
 tutor verified. “ What is the matter?”
 said he with marks of astonishment. “ All
 “ is gone!” I exclaimed, in a rueful ac-
 cent. “ Gone! impossible!” He or-
 dered the coachman to stop, and assisted
 me in searching my pockets. “ Pray get
 “ up

“ up a little, if you please !” I got up, but all my searches were fruitless ; we drove back to the spot where we had been stopped, but neither ring nor money could be found. “ Very strange !” exclaimed my tutor, as we returned ; “ are you sure “ you have taken it out of the pocket ?” “ As sure as I am alive ! this is more “ than pocket picking, it must be forcery, “ I should think, if any thing of that “ kind was possible.”

“ The appearance of the fellow was at “ least strange enough,” my tutor replied, “ and there certainly exists a kind of for- “ cery which, indeed, surpasses the com- “ prehension of one who is not let into “ the mystery. But however that be, the “ the forcerer with whom we have been “ engaged, seems at least to be a good “ sort of a fellow, considering the civil “ manner with which he has demanded our “ wearing apparel. And then you must “ consider that he has appointed us to “ meet him here next Friday ; what view “ could he have had but to return what “ he has taken from us ?”

“ Vain

“ Vain hope !”

“ Not so vain as you think. Did he not say himself that he wants neither silver nor gold ?”

“ Mere pretext ! why has he then pilfered my money ?”

“ For fun, and to laugh at our expence, and perhaps to punish us a little for having refused at first to grant his prayer. And even if my argument should prove erroneous, you cannot but confess, that a man in whose power we were, has behaved very handsome, since he has been satisfied with your purse and not also taken our papers.”

“ Pray be so kind as to look after them !”

He put his hand into his pocket, but the word he was going to utter died on his lips. After a long pause of horror, he said with a forced equanimity, pale and trembling ;” “ No ! Mr. Sorcerer, you have carried your sport too far !”

“ What is the matter ?” said I, frightened.

“ O that I could keep it from your knowledge ! the papers are gone !”

“ Gone ?”

“Gone?” I exclaimed, starting up from my seat. “Pray examine your pockets!”

He searched, but could find nothing, except his purse with 40 ducats. This was now all our remaining wealth; and yet we were glad that we had not lost this little sum too.

This new accident gave rise to so many remarks, consultations and schemes, that we entered the gate of the town before we had time to fix where we should stay the night. The coachman stopped. “Where are we?” I exclaimed. He named the very hotel, against which the beggar had warned us. “Go on coachman!” exclaimed my tutor. “My lord!” he replied, “it is the best in the whole town.” “Let us stay here,” said I, “who would mind what such a rascal says?” “As you like” my tutor replied. We got out of the coach, and ordered the waiter to shew us to a good apartment.

We got an excellent room on the first floor, ordered our supper, and went early to bed.

Having

Having slept some hours, I awoke suddenly, and felt as if somebody was stopping my mouth and nose. I panted for breath, and inhaled a suffocating smoke, which made me jump out of the bed. The night-lamp was extinguished, and I perceived a faint grisly glimmer in my room; at the same time a confused noise from the street assailed my ears, and the bells were ringing. I hurried to the window and was almost petrified by the dreadful sight my eyes beheld; exclaiming in an accent of horror and despair, "Fire! fire!" my servant and tutor started up at the same time. The whole house was in a flame, and every means of effecting our escape seemed to be cut off; the universal consternation of the people of the house having prevented them from rousing us. We hurried on our cloaths, took up our trunk, and saved ourselves with much difficulty, half naked and terribly singed.

The spectators raised a loud shout as we were rushing through the flames, and now we perceived first the whole extent of the dangers which had surrounded us.

Having recovered a little from my sudden terror, I recollected that I had left behind a picture of my deceased mother, which was set with diamonds. This loss was insupportable to me, and I was going to return in order to save it. "Whither are you going?" my tutor exclaimed. I told it him. "Are you mad?" said he, keeping me back by the arm. "Will you wantonly rush into the arms of death?" I abandoned my rash design with great reluctance, and looked at the dreadful spectacle which was displaying before our eyes. Before eight minutes were elapsed, I saw somebody getting out of our window, and throwing himself down through the flames. That action excited universal astonishment. "Who is that man?" every body exclaimed, crowding around the man to see him. This action struck me and my tutor particularly, because he had got out of our window, and we were making many vague conjectures, when somebody took me suddenly by the hand. Looking up, I started back, seized with astonishment, when I saw the beggar standing before me
without

without crutches, clad in a garment of coarse cloth, his white beard singed, and his hair concealed under a monk's hood. He looked at me with great seriousness, and asked, "Why did you not follow my advice? have I not desired you not to stop at this hotel? Here is what you wanted." It was the picture of my mother! I scarcely could believe my eyes, and gazed at it with astonishment for some moments. "Stop!" I exclaimed at length, stretching out my arm—"What do you want?" a stranger said, whom I had taken hold of. Perceiving my mistake, I enquired all around what was become of the man who had given me that picture; but all my enquiries were fruitless. He was gone, and no one knew whither. I looked around as far as I could see, assisted by the light which the fire was spreading over a great extent of ground; but he was nowhere to be seen. "Come," said I to my tutor, "we will go in search of him." "In such a crowd?" he replied. "Do you think you will be able to find him among such a throng of people? Let

“ us rather go with our trunk to another
“ hotel, for I can no longer stand this
“ shocking sight.” I easily consented to
his proposal.

It struck four o'clock before we could
find another lodging. My tutor was mea-
suring the room with hasty strides, and I
looking out of the window, lost in pro-
found meditation. At length I broke the
silence. “ What a strange being is this,”
said I, “ who has begged alms on the
“ road, refused to accept money, and de-
“ manded part of our wearing-apparel,
“ who has struck to the ground one of our
“ horses, pretended to want neither sil-
“ ver nor gold, and has robbed us in a
“ most mysterious manner; who has
“ warned us against an hotel where we
“ almost had found our grave in the
“ flames; who hovers around us like our
“ guardian-angel, and goes through the
“ fire to fetch me the picture of my mo-
“ ther.”

“ Do not ask me,” my tutor replied,
“ time, perhaps, will unfold the mystery;
“ mean-while be on your guard against
“ that

“that man.” So saying, he wished me a good night and went to bed. I followed his example, but could not get rid of the idea of that strange extraordinary being. He had made so deep an impression upon me, that he haunted me in my dreams, and was the first object of my meditations when I awoke.

The first visit I intended to pay in the forenoon, was to Count San**, an intimate friend of my father. The latter having given me some oral commissions of great importance concerning the Count, I hastened as much as possible to acquit myself of my trust. However, I came too late, for when I wanted to be admitted to him, I was informed that he had died suddenly, two hours before. Surprized at this unexpected news, I went home to inform my father of it by a letter; the answer to which is extraordinary enough to deserve a place in my memoirs. The following is a faithful copy of this singular letter.

“ Peace be with Count San * *’s soul!
“ Although you have sent me the earliest
“ information of his death, my dear son,
“ yet it was nothing new to me when I
“ received it. You scarcely will credit
“ it, if I tell you that his death was made
“ known to me as soon as he expired; and
“ you will be surprised when I name you
“ the messenger that brought me that in-
“ telligence. It was the deceased him-
“ self, who informed me of his death.
“ Whatever your ideas may be when you
“ read this, do not doubt the veracity of
“ your father. I have seen him, face to
“ face, and with this hand which guides
“ my pen, have I pressed his clay cold
“ hand for the last time. Let me tell
“ you how it happened.

“ I was very uneasy in the night of the
“ tenth of this month, which, as your let-
“ ter tells me, was the day when my
“ friend died. I awoke several times,
“ and always thought I heard somebody
“ groan. I did not mind it, and yet felt
“ my spirits very low. A terrible blow
“ against my door frightened me out of
“ my

“ my sleep at six o'clock, but I saw no-
“ body. Two minutes after, it was re-
“ peated, and thinking it was my valet
“ who had to tell me something very
“ important, I exclaimed, Come in!
“ when, to my utter astonishment, Count
“ San** entered my room with slow and
“ solemn steps. His face was deadly wan,
“ his look like that of a dying man,
“ ghastly staring. He came to my bed,
“ pressed my hand silently and went away.
“ ‘ Friend!’ I exclaimed, ‘ is this your
“ last farewell on this side the grave?’
“ He turned round, nodded with his head,
“ and disappeared. ‘ I thank thee!’ I
“ exclaimed, ‘ thou hast kept thy pro-
“ mise. Oftentimes hast thou maintain-
“ ed, that friendship lasts beyond the
“ grave, and that the icy hand of death
“ cannot dissolve her holy bonds. Thou
“ hast given me a proof of it, which I never
“ shall forget. Peace! peace be with
“ thy soul, my faithful friend.’

“ Since that time, life has no charms
“ for me. The only object which still
“ joins me to it, art thou, my son! Be

“ wise and virtuous, and never let me
“ hear that thou hast strayed from the path
“ of religion and honesty. It certainly
“ would hurry to the grave thy affec-
“ tionate

“ FATHER.”

This letter surprised me to the utmost degree, because I had always known my father to be of a philosophic turn of mind, and nothing less than a credulous fanatic. I shewed it to my tutor, and begged him to give me his opinion upon it. He returned it me with the following words : “ The
“ most important part of the letter is its
“ conclusion, which you ought never to
“ forget ; of the rest (added he smiling,)
“ you may think what you—*can*.”

Perceiving, that regard for my father would not suffer him to give his opinion on that strange incident, I dropped the subject. However, I was not satisfied, and utterly unable to solve the riddle. But let us return to my own concerns.

Friday came, and when the sun began to set, I rode with my tutor to the spot
where

where we were to meet the mysterious beggar. We were well provided with arms, and waited with impatience the arrival of that strange being. He came from the adjacent wood at the appointed hour, and in the same odd dress in which we had seen him first, beckoning to us to follow him. My tutor seemed to hesitate. —“ Let us follow him, said I, we are
 “ three against one, and well armed;
 “ what have we to fear?” He beckoned a second time.—“ But if he should be a
 “ villain,” my tutor replied, “ do you
 “ know how many of his associates may be
 “ concealed behind the bushes?” “ Ne-
 “ ver mind, we shall find work enough
 “ for them!” He beckoned a third time.
 “ Come, come!” said I, pulling my tutor after me, who seemed to follow reluctantly.

When he saw us advance, he went deeper into the wood. He uttered not a word, but looking back now and then, gave us a signal with his hand to follow him. The farther we advanced, the more he quickened his steps. What at first

fight had appeared to us to be a small wood, extended itself by degrees into an immense forest, which grew more and more impenetrable and intricate. We observed, that he did not walk in a straight line, but in a serpentine direction. The darkness encreased when we had walked about half an hour. My tutor stopped suddenly. "Stay!" he exclaimed, "stay, good friend, and tell us what thou wantest; we shall not proceed any farther!" However, he went on without returning an answer, beckoning at the same time to us to follow him. "No! no!" I exclaimed, "thou shalt not escape us," offering to run after him. "Stay, for God's sake, stay!" said my tutor; keeping me back, "consider that we are in his power!" "What!" exclaimed I, "should this fellow play the fool with me?" So saying, I disengaged myself and flew after him. When I was nearly come up with him, and stretching out my hand to take hold of his tattered garments, he threw down his crutches and coat, and began to run with
the

the fleetness of a hunted deer. I also ran as fast as it was in my power, but soon perceived that he surpassed me very much in nimbleness. He possessed a wonderful dexterity in getting through the bushes and underwood, which impeded my course every moment. Oftentimes, when I fancied I had overtaken him, he disappeared suddenly, and having searched for him in vain a considerable time, he shewed himself again at a great distance on the opposite side. Now we had reached an open spot, and looking back after my companions, whom I had entirely forgotten in the heat of the race, I saw my old tutor, who with my servant had attempted in vain to follow me, stretching out his hands to me, and was just going to return, when my man suddenly fell down, without being able to get upon his legs again. Seeing this, I darted to the place where he was struggling to get up, and was only one step distant from him, when he started up, and threw himself into the adjacent bushes. I pursued him with the impetuosity of an hunt-

man, who thinks to be sure of his game, which I thought was my case, because the beggar was almost within the reach of my hand, and hobbled very much since his fall. However, I found myself utterly disappointed. I lost suddenly sight of him, and forcing my way through the bushes, saw him sitting on the grass at a great distance. He offered not to stir till I was only three paces distant from it, when he once more got up, pursuing the race through the forest with incredible velocity, still hobbling very much. It now began to grow extremely dark, and looking back, I could see none of my companions. I shouted, and my servant answered me at a great distance. Firmly resolved to return, and to find out my fellow-adventurers, I directed my looks once more to the spot where I had lost sight of the beggar. Imagine my astonishment, when I saw him in a dazzling mantle hanging on a tree, and struggling violently. This sight, though it had surprised me very much at first, prompted me at last to make another attempt. However,

ever, it miscarried like the former ones. He had disengaged himself before I could come up with him, and began again to run. But now he could not escape me so easily, his fiery mantle serving me as a guide. I had indeed taken hold of him several times, however, he always effected his escape with wonderful facility, and at last disappeared with his mantle. I waited a long time, flattering myself to see him once more—however I waited in vain.

The darkness of the night swayed all around, the faint rays of the moon peeping only now and then through the thick branches of the trees, which rather increased than diminished the gloominess of the scene. I had been hurried along as if in a trance, and now first recovered again the proper use of my reason. “Where am I?” was my first word, “What have I done?” However, the hope that my companions could not be far off, gave me some comfort. I went back, shouting and hallowing as loud as I could, but no answer was returned, I heard
nothing

nothing except the hollow echo of my own words.—I shuddered with dreadful apprehensions. “Gracious heaven!” I exclaimed; “without a companion, without “a guide in this dreary solitude!” and threw myself upon the ground.

I had not been long in this alarming situation, when something rustled behind me. I started up and unsheathed my sword. “Who is there?” I exclaimed; but it was nothing but the rustling of the wind in the leaves of the bushes. Ere long a storm seemed to be rising. The wind began to roar, and the antient oaks to shake violently. “Fool that I was!” I exclaimed “to suffer myself to be en-
“snared in so silly a manner!” My words died away in the storm, which began to encrease every moment. The rustling of the leaves, the cracking of the trees, and the howling of the wind composed a dismal horrid noise. The light of the moon disappeared entirely, and the impenetrable darkness of night surrounded me with all its horrors.

Overcome by fatigue, I laid myself down once more; but was so restless and uneasy, that I soon got up again, walking slowly onwards. The branches of the trees were constantly beating in my face; I stumbled every moment, and several times came to the ground. I was seized with additional terror, when I at once heard a howling and roaring around me, which was entirely different from that of the storm, and made me apprehend the approach of wild beasts. I gave myself up for lost, staggering onward with the agony of a dying person, and at length came to an open spot, where I saw light at a distance. I recovered a little from my apprehensions, and resolved to advance towards it. Ere long I perceived that the howling and roaring pursued me, and began to run with so much velocity, that I scarcely touched the ground. The storm continued to rage with unabated fury. My eyes were constantly directed to the spot where the light came from, and when I had nearly reached it, I fell suddenly to the ground. I hurried

ried up with the haste of one who is pursued by a robber with a naked sword, and having advanced a few steps, found myself at the gate of a castle. However, I perceived at the same time to my greatest terror, that the howling and roaring was coming nearer and nearer, and fancied I saw some wild beasts not far off. I knocked violently at the castle gate. "Who is there?" somebody, whom I could not see, snarled with a rough voice from above. "For God's sake," exclaimed I, "open quickly the gate to a man who has lost his way in the forest, and is pursued by wild beasts!" No answer was returned. My agony increased with every moment. At length the gate was opened. The entrance was as still and gloomy as the grave. I groped my way through the dark. "Come!" said the same voice I had heard before, and at the same time a hand, cold as ice, pulled me along. I shuddered violently, and was going to retire, when the gate was shut after me, with a thundering noise.

Perceiving

Perceiving that my retreat was cut off, I bade defiance to my fate, and resolved to meet the worst as a man. The icy hand was drawn back, when I had advanced a few steps. I stopped, to wait till it should again lay hold of me and lead me farther; but I waited in vain. "Good friend!" said I, at length, "will you conduct me to the master of the house?"—But no answer ensued. I groped around, expecting to find my guide, whom I fancied to be near me, but he was gone. Although I listened with the greatest attention, yet I could not hear the most distant sound, not a foot-step through the whole building. Not a single ray of light broke through the dismal darkness which surrounded me, and I proceeded with extended arms. Having advanced about thirty steps, I felt some resistance; I examined with my hand, but it suddenly started back; I attempted once more to stretch out my hand, and staggered back, when like the first time, I felt a heap of skulls and bones. Horror and a chilly tremor, shook my whole frame. I was almost petrified.

trified. The awful stillness which surrounded me was still uninterrupted.

I was fixed to the ground, wildly staring through the impenetrable darkness. At length I heard a hollow broken sound, at a great distance. I listened attentively. After a long pause, it vibrated in my ear a second time. The idea that I had nothing more to lose, and that every means of effecting my escape from that residence of horror were cut off, entirely subdued my fear, and prompted me to follow that sound. I staggered with fearful steps along the wall, which led me to a staircase. Having descended five steps, I heard a doleful groan, not far distant. I advanced slowly, and with the utmost circumspection, musing on my awkward situation, when at once I felt my passage obstructed by a door, which I opened without difficulty. The room to which it led, was also a residence of darkness and dismal silence. I hallowed, but no answer was returned, and I resolved to enter it boldly. Fortunately I examined the entrance with my foot, before I proceeded,

ceeded, and found with unspeakable horror, that it was bottomless. The hollow dismal sound struck my ear again, from a small distance. I shuddered violently, and staggered onward. Every thing was lonely and silent all around. I came to a second stair case, ascended seven steps, and then descended as many, when my eyes suddenly beheld a faint glimmer of light, which seemed to emerge from below, at a great distance. Coming nearer, I observed that I was standing on the brink of a deep abyss, from which the glimmer broke forth. An old half rotten staircase led down. I resolved to risk every thing, and pulling off my shoes in order to avoid making a noise, began to descend. When I came to the eighth step, I heard the hollow sound again: I stopped a minute, and then went on with returning courage. When I had reached the middle, the light suddenly disappeared, and impenetrable darkness surrounded me once more. I stopped and began to consider what I should do, when a stone got loose beneath my feet, rolling down with a terrible noise
against

against the door of the vault. "Who disturbs my rest?" the hollow, well known voice exclaimed. Terror sealed my lips, and I was rivetted to the ground in dread expectation. The door of the vault opened slowly, and a pale white figure appeared, with a candle in one hand. It advanced two steps, lifted up one hand in a menacing manner, and disappeared. My senses were left in anxious dread, my blood congealed within my veins.

I do not know how I got up the steps. Having recovered a little the use of my senses, I perceived that I was on a way quite different from that which I came, and arrived at the bottom of a spiral staircase. I had reached the second partition, when I pushed against a window with my right hand, shivering the glass-pane in a thousand pieces. "Who is there?" a rough voice exclaimed. At the same time I heard some person open a door, and was just going to answer, when a most alarming discourse filled me with new apprehensions. "Have you sharpened the knife?" one of the talkers asked. "Yes, it is
" bright

“bright and sharp,” replied another voice, “his blood shall flow abundantly.” With these words the door burst open. Horror and despair winged my steps. I flew down the staircase, when I was suddenly stopt by the ice-cold hand which I had felt on my entrance in that abode of terror. My senses fled, and I dropped down.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself in a splendid room, and a girl with two servants were sitting by my bed-side, chafing my temples. “Where am I?” were the first sounds I uttered. They assured me I was in good hands, and on my farther inquiries to whom the house belonged, I was informed it was the property of the Countess of Darbis, who would be glad to see me the next morning. An excellent supper was soon after placed on the table, and the servants retired when I had finished my meal.

When left to myself, I began to muse on the adventures of that eventful and alarming evening. A thousand ideas crowded upon my imagination, and I
could

could not find a clue to extricate myself from the mazes of wonder and astonishment in which I was lost. "In whose power am I at present? what will become of me?" These, and similar ideas, lay heavy on my heart. I was impatient to have the mystery of my situation unfolded, and yet dreaded that period. Hope and fear crowded alternately upon my soul, and thus I fell at length asleep, overcome by fatigue of body and mind.

I awoke at ten o'clock in the morning, and after breakfast, was ushered in to the lady of the castle. Where shall I find words to describe the sensations which violently thrilled every nerve of mine, when I beheld my hostess?—I will faithfully relate what I saw and heard.

I was conducted through three apartments to a closet, in which a lady dressed in black, with a veil of the same colour, was seated on a sofa. She rose when I entered the closet, courtesied very civilly, and then retook her seat, unveiling her face. The word I was going to utter died on my lips. I never have seen a countenance

nance more striking and enchanting than her's. So much gentleness and expression, so much beauty and grandeur I never beheld in a female face. A melancholy trait, which mingled with the brilliancy of her exquisite charms, gave her beauty additional attractive power. But I blush at the weak picture I have drawn, and candidly confess, that it is far beneath the unparallelled original. After a long pause of wonder and astonishment, I said something in a faltering accent, which was to be an excuse for my intruding visit. She could not but observe the confusion in which the sight of her had thrown me; however, she bade me welcome to her castle, in very good French, and begged me to be seated.

Her kindness dispelled my perplexity, and gave me new courage. I related my adventures candidly. She was seized with astonishment, and could not comprehend the mystery of my rencontre with the beggar. I confessed that I also could not unfold it, when her valet entered the room
with

with a small box and a letter, which he gave to the lady.

“ When has this letter been brought ?” she asked her servant. “ Just now,” he replied. “ Sir, will you be so kind as to tell me your name ?” I did it without hesitation. She gave me the box, and I was struck with astonishment when I opened it. The 300 ducats, the two diamond rings, and the papers which my tutor had missed, were inclosed in it. The lady seeing my astonishment, smiled and gave me the letter. Its purport ran as follows :

"My Lady,

“ The contents of the box which you
“ will receive along with this letter, are
“ the property of the young nobleman
“ who came last night to your castle. I
“ beg you will be so kind to deliver it
“ to him, if his name is Miguel de Vil-
“ la**].”

“Wonderful!” exclaimed I, “my name
“has as yet been a secret in this country,
“how can he have found it out?”

“ You see,” the lady replied, “ that
I “ you

“ you are in the power of a man whom
“ you cannot escape.—Who has brought
“ the letter ?”

The valet smiled. “ I never have seen
“ a dress so whimsical as that of the mes-
“ senger.” Imagine to yourself, my lady, a
man with a motley coat composed of a
thousand rags, a beautiful satin waistcoat
richly embroidered, a snow-white beard,
black hair—

“ Make haste, my friend, make haste to
“ stop him !” I exclaimed, “ don’t let
“ him go.—Where is he ?—I will see
“ him.”

“ It is too late, my Lord ! he went away
“ as soon as he had delivered the box and
“ the letter.”

The Countess ordered her servant to
pursue him without delay, and to bring
him back if possible. The valet promised
to do his utmost, and rushed out of the
apartment.

“ My Lady !” said I, squeezing the hand
of my charming hostess, “ I would give
“ any thing if I could speak with that
“ man. O ! if you could procure me that
“ happiness !”

Drawing her hand back, she replied smiling, "and what would you give, my Lord?"

"My God! the most valuable trinket I have in my possession!" So saying, I took out one of the diamond rings. The Countess started. "How dear must that man be to you, if you can resolve to make him such a sacrifice!"

"I candidly confess, my Lady, that my curiosity has the greater share in it, for incertitude is the most painful thing. The mystery must be dissolved, even if it should cost me ever so much."

"What strange beings you men are! you accuse our sex of curiosity, and you yourselves cannot resist the charms of that enchantress."

"I cannot but confess, my lady, that I always have been extremely fond of every thing mysterious and uncommon. (She started.) Perhaps I shall render myself ridiculous in your eyes by that confession; however this weakness is so strongly interwoven with my nature, that I find it impossible to get rid of it."

"Why

“ Why ridiculous? I rather am convinced, that the desire for uncommon and adventurous events has produced men of the first greatness; I am convinced, that without a certain degree of enthusiasm no great memorable action can be performed.”

“ Do you know, my Lady, that by your kind defence of my turn of mind, you are displaying your own merits?”

“ How do you mean that?”

“ What else, but a fondness for what is uncommon and extraordinary, could have prompted so charming a lady, who would be the pride of the most elegant circles, to withdraw from the great world, where she would be the object of universal admiration, to shut herself up in a solitary castle, and to resign her claim to the pleasures of life?”

“ Alas! the pleasures of life have no charms for me,” she replied with emotion.

My Lady—

“ Every sense for pleasure is dead within me since Count William has been snatched away from my bosom

“in the prime of life—(here a pearly
“tear stole from her large blue eye)—he
“has taken with him to the grave what-
“ever could have made life dear to
“me.”

When the sweet mourner was thus lamenting her unhappy fate, a terrible noise arose in the castle, the door of our apartment opened, and three stout fellows brought the beggar tied with cords into the closet.

“What crime have I committed (he
“exclaimed with a terrible look as he
“entered the apartment) that you suffer
“me to be treated in so cruel a man-
“ner?”

“This has been done against my will,” said I, terrified.

“My Lord,” said one of the fellows who guarded him, “we could not bring
“him hither by other means; he refused
“to follow us to the castle, and defended
“himself so furiously that we were ne-
“cessitated to tie him.”

While the servant was speaking, the stranger disengaged himself from the grasps
of

of his guard, tore the cords asunder, threw one of his keepers to the ground, and rushed into the adjoining room.

“There he will not escape us,” said the Countess as I was flying after him, “fear nothing, the room is well secured.”

He had bolted the door from within. I burst it violently open, looking eagerly around, but it was empty. “Where can he be?” I exclaimed, examining every corner with anxious looks. However all my searches were fruitless, not a single trace of the stranger was seen. I was struck with dumb astonishment, gazing wildly at the company.

A scream of the Countess roused me from my astonishment. She was as pale as ashes, and sunk lifeless in my arms.

This accident would certainly have alarmed me very much at any other time; but at present the stranger engaged my whole attention, and made me regardless to any other object. When I recovered the use of my senses, and the Countess from her fainting fit, we were staring at each other with silent wonder for some

minutes. At length she ordered her people to retire.

“ Was it a dream or an apparition ?” she exclaimed when left to ourselves.

“ It was no dream, my Lady !”

“ Then the stranger has really disappeared ?”

“ So it seems.”

She shuddered violently.

“ Gracious Heaven ! how is it possible ?” she resumed, after a long pause of horror.

“ But pray, my Lady, is there no secret side door, through which the stranger could have effected his escape ?”

“ I am sure there is none !” At the same time she led me to every part of the room ; but after the strictest search no secret door could be found. The windows were strongly grated with massy iron bars, he could not of course have escaped that way ; he could not be concealed in the room, for there was no furniture in it, except some chairs and tables and a sofa.

“ I must confess (said I after a short pause, during which she viewed me from

“ top

“top to toe) now I also do not know
 “what to think.”

The Countess grew more and more gloomy and serious. She seemed to revolve something important in her mind, and after some minutes of speechless meditation, fell on her knees folding her hands.

Every sense of mine was lost in anxious expectation and astonishment. “Unknown, mysterious being!” she exclaimed, with evident marks of solemn awe, “if thou art still hovering around
 “us, invisible to mortal eyes, O! then
 “hear the prayers of an unhappy woman!
 “To thee, at whose dread command obey
 “the secret powers of nature, I address
 “myself, for mortal men cannot alleviate
 “my sufferings. If thou canst open the
 “iron gates of death, and recall to life
 “his victims, then let me see once more
 “a beloved husband, who has been torn
 “from my arms in a horrid cruel manner, that I may press him once more to
 “my faithful heart, and bid him a last
 “farewell!”

I was thrilled with strange sensations at this prayer.

The Countess still was kneeling, with folded hands, and seemed violently agitated. Tears of anguish bedewed her lovely face, and she resumed groaning: “O! if my lamentations and sighs can reach thy ear, if the sufferings of a hapless being can move thy heart with pity, let me behold once more the darling of my heart. I do not request the inexorable fate to grant me the bliss of having my dear unhappy William restored for ever to these arms. All that I dare to wish, is to have the sad pleasure of seeing him once more, and to bid him a last adieu.”

Here tears and heavy sighs prevented her from praying any longer, when suddenly a voice was heard: “*Thou shalt meet him here once more, after three days, at the hour of midnight.*” I instantly knew the voice of the stranger, and looked anxiously around with awful dread, but could see nothing. A chilly sweat bedewed my face; a cold tremor seized my frame with icy fangs.

The

The Countess stared wildly at me, for some minutes, and at once started suddenly up, grasping my hand as if in a trance. "Do you hear?" exclaimed she, with a dreadful joy. "Do you hear? I shall see him again. My prayers are heard. I shall press my William once more to this fond bosom, shall hear once more the harmony of his voice. O! happy, happy, wished for meeting!" Then she began to measure the room with hasty strides, exclaiming ever and anon, "I shall see once more my dear, my adored Lord, and bid him an eternal adieu."

My feelings almost overpowered me; I could not stand any longer that affecting scene, and left the room. She was close at my heels, and conjured me to keep the strictest secrecy, and not to drop a word about the appointed meeting in the presence of her servants, which I readily promised. "This day," added she "shall be a day of rejoicing. Excuse the violence of my emotions—I cannot check the powerful effects of sensations which I have long been a stranger to.

“ —Will you be so kind to share with me
“ the joys of this day ?” “ I am very for-
“ ry,” I replied, “ that it is not in my
“ power to accept your kind offer; but you
“ know, my Lady, that my worthy tutor
“ is still ignorant of my fate; and you can
“ easily think that the good old man will
“ expect my return with painful anxiety.”
She could not contest the justness of my
remark; insisted however upon my stay-
ing dinner. No other choice was left me,
but to accept her pressing invitation. The
dinner was excellent, and the Countess
so lively and good humoured, that the
servants were surprised, and began to
whisper their remarks in each other's ear.

Dinner being over, she dismissed me,
but not before I had solemnly promised
to return with my tutor in three days, if
not sooner. However, I did not leave the
house before I had cleared up my whole
mysterious adventure of the preceding
night. The ice-cold hand—the skulls and
bones—the spectre, and every thing that
had filled me with so much terror, I found
now so natural, that I blushed at my
childish

childish fears. The cold hand belonged to the phlegmatic porter, and perhaps it appeared then colder to me than it really was, because I was very much heated. He had drawn his hand suddenly back, because I trembled violently, and struggled to disengage myself. He had not answered my question, because I had asked it with a faltering voice, and left me to light the candle which the wind had extinguished. My staggering steps had led me to a remote part of the house, where the Countess had erected a kind of mausoleum to her deceased Lord; and my hand had touched the skulls and human bones it was decorated with. The groans and sighs, which I had heard, came from an old poor woman, who had a violent tooth-ache. When the stone rolled down, she went out of the cellar, where she was suffered to lie, to see who was there; she threatened me with her hand, and went back, because she mistook me for one of the servants, and fancied the stone had been thrown down on purpose to frighten her. The door which had led me to the bottom-

less room, belonged to an old cellar, where the steps had been destroyed by the ravages of time, and which the servants had left open out of carelessness. The room on the spiral staircase, where I had broken the glass-pane, was inhabited by the cook and butler. Their discourse, part of which I had overheard, concerned a hog, which was to be killed the next day. When I was hurrying down the staircase, the porter received me in his arms, being afraid I might tumble down, and carried me, during my swoon, to the apartment where I recovered the use of my senses. I was ashamed that this accidental concurrence of circumstances, which if coolly considered, were nothing less than alarming, could have rendered me so ridiculously fearful, and cowardly, and took a firm resolution to act with more reflection in future. "This adventure," said I to myself, "shall teach me to bridle my impetuous imagination, to examine every thing uncommon by the torch of reason, and thus to guard my understanding against the dangerous delusions of a lively, impetuous fancy."

I gave

I gave a ducat to the servant of the Countess, who had been sent with me to show me the way, for his trouble, as I pretended; however my real view was to bribe him to a confession, my curiosity of receiving a satisfactory information of the circumstances, and the life of the Countess, being harrowed up to the utmost degree; but I was very much disappointed.

“ All that I know of my Lady (said he) is very little, because I have not been long in her service. She came about three months ago to this castle, with an old gentleman whom she called uncle, and a servant, who departed as soon as she was properly settled. She leads a very retired and blameless life, is said to have been married in her nineteenth year to an amiable nobleman, who three years after his marriage had been assassinated, nobody knows by whom? She has lamented her poor Lord these two years, and never receives company. No one can tell where she comes from; she is supposed to be very rich, and of a great and noble

“ble family. Many people think that the
“name by which she goes is fictitious.”

I asked him whether he knew nothing
further of her?

“Not a syllable (answered he, after a
“short silence) except that she is the best
“lady on earth, has an excellent heart,
“and performs many charitable deeds in
“secret. She sends, for instance, every
“week one of us in disguise to town, to
“inquire for people who have been re-
“duced by unmerited misfortunes, and
“to administer relief to them. But we
“must carefully conceal from those ob-
“jects of her benevolence the name of
“their benefactress, if we will not be dis-
“missed her service.

“Excellent woman!” exclaimed I, and
was just going to give vent to the feelings
of my heart, when the servant directed my
attention to two people who were walking
towards us. We had not advanced fifty
steps, when I knew them to be my tutor
and my servant.

I flew on the wings of impatience and
joy to meet them, and pressed my old go-

vernor with as much rapture to my heart
 as if I had not seen him many years. The
 first emotions of joy being over, I sent
 the servant of the Countess back, and or-
 dered my valet to follow him at a distance.
 Then I related to my tutor at large, the
 adventures I had met with since our sepa-
 ration. His countenance bespoke alter-
 nately anxiety, joy and astonishment, while
 I was relating my extraordinary tale, at the
 conclusion of which he pressed me to his bo-
 som with a father's tenderness, exclaiming
 with tears of pleasure in his eyes. "Thank
 " God! thank God! that you are restored
 " to me!—But ought I not to chide you
 " a little (added he smiling) for all the un-
 " easiness and sorrow I have suffered on
 " your account. The danger in which
 " my life has been I will not mention, for
 " that you could not foresee." "Your life
 " in danger?" I exclaimed, terrified.
 "The servant can witness it!" he replied,
 calling our man. Now I first perceived
 that the poor fellow was very much wound-
 ed in his face. "For heaven's sake! what
 " has happened?" "Let me tell you
 " the

“ the story from the beginning,” said my tutor.

“ I was running after you yesterday,
“ as long as my legs would carry me, but
“ when I sunk to the ground, over-
“ powered by fatigue, I ordered the servant
“ to follow you. He returned when it
“ was waxing dark, with the intelligence
“ that he had lost sight of you, and not
“ been able to trace you out. Not
“ knowing our way back, we were obliged
“ to resolve to sleep in the forest. We
“ laid ourselves down beneath an ancient
“ oak, and soon fell asleep in spite of the
“ roaring tempest.” I interrupted him:
“ have you also heard the roaring and
“ howling of wild beasts?”

“ We heard the roaring of the storm
“ and the croaking of the raven, but no
“ sound of wild beasts. Have you
“ heard any thing Petro?”

The servant denied it, and I begged my tutor to proceed, not without some marks of astonishment. Having viewed me a while with examining looks, he continued his narrative,

“ The

“ The dawn of morn was breaking
“ through the clouds, when I awakened
“ the servant. I was determined to go
“ in search of you, happen what would.
“ Having advanced about half a mile,
“ two ruffians rushed out of a thicket,
“ and soon were joined by four more.
“ We were surrounded in a moment.
“ Their countenance betokened thirst for
“ blood and murder, and their daggers
“ were unsheathed in a twinkling of an
“ eye. ‘ Here is money, I exclaimed,
“ ‘ Spare our life.’ ‘ Down with the
“ rascals!’ exclaimed their savage-look-
“ ing leader, snatching the purse from
“ my hand, and at the same time attack-
“ ed me with his ruffian band in a most
“ furious manner. The daggers of our
“ aggressor were chiefly pointed at me.
“ I defended myself with unspeakable fu-
“ ry; however, my rage would have
“ availed me very little against the united
“ strength of six stout fellows who fought
“ with undaunted ardour, if Pietro had
“ not supported me so bravely. His
“ zeal in saving my life made him forget
“ his

“ his own defence, witnesses these wounds.
“ Yet we certainly should have been
“ overpowered at last, if heaven had not
“ sent a third person to our assistance. And
“ who do you think it was?—The whim-
“ sical beggar was that guardian-angel.”

Astonishment and wonder did not suffer me to utter a single word, and my tutor resumed:

“ He stood suddenly before us, as if
“ fallen from the clouds, and to him I
“ certainly owe the preservation of my
“ life, for he warded off the stroke of a
“ poniard which would have pierced my
“ heart. The ruffians no sooner saw him;
“ when they flung down their poniards
“ and ran howling away. ‘ Now you
“ may return to the town, without fear,
“ (said he) you are safe.’ He then left
“ us suddenly before we could utter a
“ word. We returned to town; how-
“ ever, the idea of the dangers which might
“ threaten your life haunted me every
“ where, and I resolved to go once more
“ in search of you. Pietro reminded me
“ of the danger in which I had been this
“ morning,

“ morning, and entreated me to let him
 “ go alone ; however, anxiety for you
 “ did not suffer me to stay behind, and I
 “ am rejoiced that nothing could per-
 “ suade me to listen to his prayers, for
 “ I should then not have had the pleasure
 “ of pressing you to my bosom so soon.”

“ Dearest, best of men !” He stopped
 my mouth, and would not suffer me to go
 on. “ No praise ! no thanks !” said he,
 “ I have followed the impulse of my
 “ heart, and am amply rewarded for it by
 “ your safety. But do you know, that
 “ this accident has cost us the rest of our
 “ wealth.”

“ Did I not tell you, that the stranger
 “ has returned me every thing ?” So say-
 ing, I gave him the box.

“ Every thing ?” he replied, after he
 had inspected it. “ Is not one of the dia-
 “ mond rings missing ?”

“ That I have given to the Countess.”

He started back, seized with astonish-
 ment.

“ I have told you, that I promised
 “ in a fit of enthusiasm, to give her the
 “ ring,

“ ring, if she could procure me an interview with the mysterious beggar ; she sent her people after him ; he appeared and the ring was gone.”

“ What an enormous extravagance !—

“ And she accepted it ?”

“ She refused it at first, and even seemed offended at my offer ; however, my pride being wounded, I pressed her so long and so ardently, till she at length yielded to my importunate prayers.”

“ Well then,” said she, “ I will accept the ring, and wear it in memory of the man who has been the chief means to afford me an opportunity of satisfying the most ardent desire of my heart.”

My tutor shook his head. “ I almost should suspect,” said he smiling, “ that pride has had the smallest share in this gift. What does your heart say to that ?”

“ Indeed ! I do not comprehend you.”

“ Not ? Why then, do you blush ?”

“ My Lord ! pray look at that strange man yonder !” my servant exclaimed suddenly, pointing at a man who at some distance

distance was walking up and down with hasty strides between two rows of trees—now prostrated himself to the ground, and now jumped up again, walking to and fro. The spot where we were was in a remote part of the suburbs. The sun was descending behind the distant mountains. We stopped and looked at that strange spectacle. At length we advanced nearer with gentle steps. He prostrated himself again, beating the ground three times. “Give me back the dead, I must speak to her!” he exclaimed. On taking a nearer view of that man, I beheld a living skeleton with an ash-pale face and staring looks, who hastily started up when he perceived us.

“What are you doing here, good friend?” my tutor enquired. He stared wildly at us, and after a pause of dumb agony, exclaimed at last with a deep groan: “O that eternity keeps her booty so fast!” “Let us be gone (my tutor whispered in my ear) the fellow seems to be out of his wits.” We went.

Twilight was just setting in, and we had not proceeded twelve steps, when we
heard

heard somebody exclaiming behind us :
“ Come up, barbarous mother ! come up
“ from Beelzebub’s realms, assume the form
“ in which I saw thee last ! come up ! I
“ only want to speak a few words to thee,
“ and then thou mayst return again to
“ Hell ! ”

We stopped, seized with astonishment.

“ This is a strange conjuration, (said my tutor) let us return.”

He had not pronounced the last word when a man passed us, walking with hasty steps towards the conjuror, and enquiring with apparent anxiety : “ Have you seen her ? ” — “ No, no, no ! ” the conjuror exclaimed, and tore his hair. When we came up with them, my tutor asked what they were doing there. “ Shall I tell it ? ” said the conjuror whom we had seen first, to his companion, who, after a few moment’s consideration, told him he might do it, and left us.

“ That man, my most intimate friend,
“ has had the misfortune to be married to
“ a woman who was a pattern of wicked-
“ nefs; horror and indignation would seize
“ you,

“ you, if I were to relate some of her vil-
 “ lanies. However, fate ordained that
 “ she should be her own executioner. She
 “ hanged herself some days ago, while my
 “ friend was gone out, and concluded her
 “ life with a most horrid deed. The only
 “ object which reconciled my friend to
 “ his adverse fortune, the only comfort of
 “ his life, was a little girl who was entire-
 “ ly the reverse of her mother. The lat-
 “ ter knew that he doated on the child,
 “ and was determined to strike his heart
 “ a deadly wound. The unhappy child
 “ has not been seen since her unnatural
 “ mother’s death. Whether she is yet
 “ alive, or has been made away with by
 “ the infernal woman, is an impenetrable
 “ mystery ; all our enquiries have been
 “ fruitless ; not even a vestige of the lit-
 “ tle girl has been traced out as yet, and
 “ my friend begins to despair.”

“ But, pray Sir, what is the meaning of
 “ the conjuration you was just now per-
 “ forming, (asked his comrade, who had
 “ joined us) and why did you conjure her
 “ here ?”

“ Having

“ Having made away with herself,” he replied, “ she could not be interred in the church-yard, and has been buried here. I was going to raise up her spirit, to learn what was become of my daughter.”

“ I pity you, poor man, but if you fancy a conjuration will procure you that intelligence, you may go home without troubling yourself any farther in vain, for nobody did ever return from the world beyond the grave.”

“ Excuse me, Sir !” the conjuror replied with sparkling eyes, “ this would not be the first time that the dead obey my summons.”

My tutor and I stared at each other, and being firmly persuaded the man must be out of his senses, I begged my companion to let us be gone.

When we were going, the conjuror laid hold of my arm. “ I read in your looks,” said he, “ what you think of me ; but if you will be so kind to come home with me, I will give you a proof that my assertion is true.”

“ I take

“ I take you at your word !” said I, and begged my governor to let us accept his invitation. He consented to my proposal, and we were informed on the way, that these two men were professors of the occult sciences, and that the kingdom of spirits was obedient to their command. We arrived at their house in less than half an hour, ordered our servant to await our return at the door, and were shewn up into the attic story. One of our conductors went up before us to light a candle, as he pretended. He really met us on the stair-case with a candle, shewing us into a room hung with black tapestry. He locked the door and went into a dark chamber, which he also bolted. Then the conjuror asked me in a whisper, whom I should like to have raised up. I do not know, how it came into my head to desire him to summon the spirit of Galilæus, the celebrated Italian philosopher. Having whispered his name into his ear, he promised to raise him up, and begged me to lend him my sword. He then spread a white cloth on a table which was covered

with a black carpet, upon which a human skull was placed, put a candle on each side of it, and told us they were composed of human fat. After these preparations, he placed a large book marked with strange characters before him and entreated us not to utter a word. Having promised to take his advice, he brandished the sword three times over his head, and drew a circle, which extended as far as the door.

My tutor was looking deliberately at the conjuror, watching all his motions with the greatest circumspection.

The necromancer seemed to be absorbed in profound meditation, and stood motionless before the table a considerable time. At once his eyes began to roll wildly in his head, and his teeth to gnash. His whole frame was violently shaken and contorted. He threw himself on the ground, and then started up again, exclaiming in a wild accent: "Genius! Genius! Genius! I command thee to obey the power which is given me over thee, and to appear in a living, visible shape!"

“shape!” Having pronounced these words, his mouth began to foam, his eyes to roll in his head, and his whole frame to quiver. His face grew deadly wan, and he beat his breast three times with trembling hands, when to my utter astonishment, a terrible snake darted from his bosom, cringing upon the table and encircling the skull. At once it offered to attack us, when the conjuror took hold of it. It now crept tamely up his back, he stroked it, and seemed to attend its secret commands. On a sudden it darted again at us, we ran to the door with a loud shriek; however he pulled us violently back, and bade us not to leave the circle as we valued our life. When we turned round, the snake had disappeared.

He now went to the bolted chamber door, beating seven times against it with his sword, and then started suddenly back, approaching the table whereupon the book was lying. He took it up, turning its leaves, one of which he kissed, and then seemed to pray fervently. This done, he

went again to the door, knocking silently against it one time, but jumped suddenly back into the circle, and began to tremble violently. After a short pause of horrid silence, he brandished his sword like a madman, went once more to the chamber door, and knocked eleven times against it without uttering a word. Now he drew a number of mystical characters on the table, went again to the door and knocked nine times against it with great violence. But seeing that the spirit still refused to obey his summons, he repeated his blows eleven times.

I perceived with astonishment large drops of blood trickling down from the sockets of the skull. I made my tutor observe it, but he winked me to be quiet. The conjuror was enraged at the obstinacy of the spirit, and summoned him again with five, then with twenty, and finally with eighteen strokes against the door, when he perceived that the mystical number was compleated, and roared with a tremendous voice: "Genius! Genius! " Genius! I conjure thee to bring up the
dead

dead." A violent noise arose in the adjacent chamber, and his associate rushed out of it, prostrating himself howling upon the ground, exclaiming at the same time with a trembling voice, that he had seen the ghost of Galilæus.

I could not conceive how he could pronounce that name, because he had not heard it, and the conjuror not mentioned it, and desired to have the door of the dark chamber opened. However they refused it at first, fearing I should be frightened too much; yet when we insisted upon it, he led us to the door. Darting an impatient look into the chamber, I observed with surprise, that part of it was illuminated with a light, resembling that of the moon. When I advanced nearer, I beheld an old man wrapt in a long shroud, with a silver beard, and hollow cheeks, standing in a remote corner. Ere long he made a motion as if going to come nearer. I started back, thrilled with horror, and pulled my tutor after me, who during the whole proceeding had been very cool and attentive.

Before we left the room, I laid twelve ducats on the table, which the conjurors pretended not to observe, relying upon our oral acknowledgments, that they were rejoiced at having refuted our error, and convinced us of the possibility of apparitions from the other world.

“ The latter,” said I to my tutor, when we were in the street, “ will not be the case with you; or has perhaps your unbelief in apparitions also been removed?”

“ No! certainly not. Are you then really convinced of your supposed error?”

“ I confess my unbelief begins to give way at last.”

“ I hope you do not believe that Galilæus has really appeared?”

“ My reason struggles against it; however my eyes have *seen* the ghost.”

“ The senses can easily be imposed upon, reason however is infallible, and which of both ought to be your guide in doubtful cases? Tell me what have your eyes seen? An old man in a white shroud, you will say; but how do you know that he was Galilæus?”

“ But

“ But if you will compare all the different circumstances attending the whole proceeding from the beginning to the conclusion, what can you think?”

“ That they are a string of strange events, which, however, may easily be explained in a very natural manner.”

“ Then you believe these people to be impostors, who have cheated us after a preconcerted plan?”

“ Nothing else ; but let us go to supper ; we will speak farther on that subject.”

“ Very likely,” began my tutor at table, “ the two conjurors went to the spot where we saw them first, in order to get money by imposing upon the credulous. The solitary spot in the suburbs was most convenient for their juggling tricks. They could not fail to attract the curiosity of an unwary passenger by their whimsical proceedings, and they had, very likely, just begun their tragedy when they saw us at a distance. The whole scheme was certainly pre-concerted, and the other associate

“ has been concealed somewhere in the
“ neighbourhood, and appeared on the
“ stage when he saw that he was wanted.
“ The doleful tale of the cruel mother,
“ is, to all appearance, a foul forgery,
“ which has been imposed upon us, in or-
“ der to give the whole a varnish of truth,
“ and to tie the knot of the play. I fore-
“ saw, as well as the conjuror, that you
“ would accept the invitation of these
“ cheats.”

“ Granted what you have been saying
“ were true, you will certainly find it dif-
“ ficult to explain the subsequent events.”

“ I hope these difficulties will not be
“ insurmountable. Pray tell me, what do
“ you find preternatural in the whole tran-
“ saction? the trembling, the rolling of
“ eyes, and the mimicry of the impostor?
“ or perhaps the genius who appeared in
“ the shape of a snake? I cannot but con-
“ fess that I myself was startled at it;
“ however, on mature consideration, I re-
“ collected that snakes can be deprived of
“ their poison, and tamed in such a man-
“ ner that they will obey the command of
“ their

“ their master, appearing and disappearing
“ whenever he likes. Or do you think the
“ blood which trickled down from the
“ sockets of the skull, has been the effect
“ of supernatural means? The sight of that
“ spectacle is indeed surprising at first
“ view, and certainly would have had the
“ same effect upon me, if I had not known
“ already the trick by which it is pro-
“ duced. The whole forcery consists in
“ a bladder filled with blood, which is
“ concealed in the inside, close to the
“ sockets, through which the blood is
“ forced by the pressure of the snake,
“ which winds itself around it as you have
“ seen. Much less supernatural skill has
“ been required to raise the dreadful noise
“ in the adjoining chamber. The extra-
“ ordinary light which appeared to you
“ like moon-shine, has been effected by a
“ magic lanthorn. The apparition itself—
“ I blush to mention it—how easily could it
“ be produced by optical means, or repre-
“ sented by some fellow or other who was
“ concealed in the chamber, if you con-
“ sider the length of time which was taken

“ up by the preparations of the conjuror.”

“ Thus far,” I replied, “ you have explained every thing in a manner which does honour to your acuteness and sagacity ; however, there remains still one point which requires to be unfolded if all my doubts shall be dissolved.”

“ And if I could not do it, would you conclude that it cannot be explained at all in a natural manner ? The only reasonable consequence would be, that I have no sufficient knowledge of juggling tricks ; for in that light, I must undoubtedly view the proceedings of men who are guilty of so many artifices, as I have already sufficiently proved they have employed.”

“ But these jugglers, as you call them, must indeed have proceeded with astonishing art, because the man who pronounced the name of Galilæus, could not hear a syllable of what I whispered in the ear of the necromancer. How could he know that I desired that philosopher to be raised up ?”

“ Is

“ Is an imposition any thing less than a
“ cheating trick, because it is wrought
“ with uncommon art? But what would
“ you say if I should prove that it has
“ not been so very subtle as you fancy?
“ You maintain that the man who has been
“ concealed in the chamber during the
“ whole process, could not be informed
“ of the name you whispered in his as-
“ sociate's ear; however, you would find
“ it difficult to prove your assertion. The
“ necromancer knew the name, and of
“ course could impart it to his assistant.
“ or do you think there exists no other
“ means of communicating one's ideas to
“ another person, than language? I only
“ ask you whether you have not observed
“ the repeated blows which the conjuror
“ struck against the chamber door? What
“ would you say, if it should have been
“ preconcerted between them, that a cer-
“ tain number of blows should express a
“ certain letter of the alphabet? could
“ then the other not have really heard the
“ name of Galilæus?”

“ You are right, (said I, after a short

consideration) "I yield to your judicious arguments."

"And yet you have forgot to make one objection which appears to me not to be the least important. If one did not know what theatrical art, and diligent application can effect, then the seriousness and varnish of truth, which the jugglers knew so well to combine with their words, gestures and actions, would indeed powerfully plead the supernatural of what we have witnessed."

"Your observation is very just. That seriousness and varnish of truth has really contributed a great deal to deceive me."

"If you like, we will pay these gentlemen another visit, and request a second conjuration; then you will be enabled to convince yourself of the truth of my remarks."

I consented to it with pleasure, and we went the subsequent evening. Having paid them so handsomely the preceding night, they were very ready to raise up another ghost. I desired them to conjure up
the

the ghost of *Cervantes*. Their procedure differed from that of the preceding night in nothing but the number of the blows, which betrayed the whole secret. The conjuror knocked at first three times, because the name of *Cervantes* begins with the third letter of the alphabet, then he knocked five times, to denote the letter e, and thus he proceeded till all the letters of the word *Cervantes* had been communicated to his associate. As soon as the door was opened I ran to the chamber; the spectre advanced towards me, however I faced it boldly, and observed that it bore not the least resemblance to the picture of *Cervantes*. The impostors, seeing that they were unmasked, entreated us to spare them, and confessed without hesitation, that the tale of the barbarous mother was a fiction. But one thing they refused to confess, and I would now give any thing if they had, what had induced them to play that farce.

“I am covered with shame” said I, when we were in the street, “that I suffered myself to be deceived by such miserable wretches.”

“ O! how happy should I be, my dear
“ pupil!” my tutor replied, pressing my
hand affectionately, “ if this shame should
“ produce the salutary effect, to make
“ you, in future, more cautious in your
“ judgment. But, alas! I have great rea-
“ son to apprehend that your philosophy
“ will not be capable to stand more dan-
“ gerous and artful temptations of that
“ nature, since you have suffered yourself
“ to be so grossly deceived this time.
“ Will you promise me” here he pressed
me tenderly to his bosom, “ that when I
“ shall be gone over to my eternal rest,
“ you will faithfully observe the princi-
“ ples I endeavoured to instill into your
“ juvenile mind, and combat your fond-
“ nefs for whatever is mysterious and un-
“ common, that you will always atten-
“ tively listen to the salutary counsels of
“ reason, and never yield to the seducing
“ delusions of your senses and imagina-
“ tion. Do you promise to fulfil this well
“ meant request of your friend, of your
“ second father?”

I promised it with tears of affection.

The

The following day I received the following note from the lady of the castle :

“MY LORD,

“I pray, I conjure you, to come to Darbis castle as soon as possible, and not to forget to bring your old reverend friend with you. AMELIA DE DARBIS.”

My tutor, whom my description of that lady had made very desirous to get acquainted with her, was rejoiced at that invitation. However, it appeared very strange to him that it was so uncommonly pressing, and he asked me whether I could not guess the reason.—“No,” I replied. He smiled archly. “Then you guess nothing ; nothing at all ?” “How can you ask such a question, indeed I cannot !” “And how can you persist in giving me an answer so little consonant with your countenance ?” “And if I *did* guess any thing,” I resumed stammering, “who knows whether I might not be mistaken ?” “That is entirely out of the question ; neither did I want to know it —But come, let us go !”—I was glad to get out of the room.

Pro-

Profound silence reigned in our carriage for a quarter of an hour, when my tutor took the note from the Countess out of his pocket and read it. I perceived that he was absorbed in serious meditation. "If
" I am not mistaken," he at length began, " the Countess is to see to-day
" the ghost of her husband."

" You are right—this is the third day—
" she is to see him at midnight."

" So, (fixing an examining look at me)
" do you guess nothing?"

" Indeed! a thought strikes me—how—
" ever—"

" Well?"—

" I hope she will not invite us to be
" present at the apparition of the ghost."

" Who knows?"

" But why should she have conjured us
" to come as early as possible? you know
" he will not appear before midnight."

" An apparition requires a preparation."
" tion."

" How do you mean that?"

He remained silent.

I must here take the opportunity to observe, that my tutor, ever since the mysterious

terious beggar had saved his life from the banditti, was extremely reserved in his judgment on that man, and every event in which he was concerned. All the inquiries I started on that account, either remained unanswered, or his replies were very unintelligible and mysterious. Whenever he thought he could not leave the arrangement of my conduct to my own discretion, he only gave me distant hints, and very rarely made exceptions from that rule. What has prompted him to do so, I cannot ascertain. He either had changed his opinion of him, or fancied to induce me, by acting thus, to think and to judge for myself, or perhaps meant to observe that strange being with redoubled circumspection, to investigate his proceedings secretly, in order to unfold his views and plans, and to unveil the mystery unexpectedly. In short, I am still doubtful what has prompted my tutor to act in that mysterious manner, which certainly against his wish and expectation, strengthened my belief in the power of the *Unknown* more and more every day.

We

We got out of our carriage at the skirts of the wood leading to Darbis-castle, and ordered our coachman to be on the same spot at six o'clock in the afternoon. We were well provided with swords and pistols; however, we had no occasion for them, neither in coming nor going. We went the same way the servant of the Countess had led me three days before, and after half an hour's walk arrived at the castle.

The Countess met us at the entrance of her room with the prayer to excuse the abrupt and pressing manner of her invitation. "In addition to the desire," she added, addressing my tutor, "to be acquainted with the friend of so excellent a young man, I have been urged to this step by the distressing situation of my heart, which I can reveal to none but you."

"I wish, my Lady," said I, a little forward, that I were so happy—(here my tutor gave me a look which suddenly cut the thread of my harangue asunder, and I found it utterly impossible to go on.)

"Indeed

“ Indeed” he resumed when he observed my confusion, “ we shall be happy to do justice to the confidence which your ladyship reposes in us !”

She begged us to be seated, addressing us in the following manner : “ My Lord, “ I trust your noble pupil has no secrets from you, and of course will have informed you of what has happened in my house three days ago.” My tutor affirmed it. “ Give me now leave to disclose to you the consequences of that incident : the trance of rapture to which the promise of the *Unknown* gave rise, and which (turning to me) continued while it was nurtured by the pleasure which your presence afforded me, that happy trance dissolved in more moderate sensations as soon as I was left to myself. However, my heart was still elated with a secret unspeakably sweet satisfaction, by the idea of meeting again my dear deceased lord. But this unclouded serenity of mind was, alas ! of a very short duration. I began, by degrees, to reflect seriously on what I
“ had

“ had done, and the more I reflected, the
“ more the sweet sensations of my heart
“ were melting away, and gave room to a
“ most distressing uneasiness which increas-
“ ed every moment.

“ The desire of seeing once more my
“ dear ever-beloved lord, which till then
“ I had considered as innocent and just,
“ appeared now to me very culpable and
“ wicked, and I wished most ardently the
“ *Unknown* had not granted my prayer.
“ My conscience tormented me with most
“ painful reproaches, and my fancy
“ haunted me by day and night with dread-
“ ful phantoms. My heart was assailed
“ by the most distressing uneasiness, and I
“ trembled to see the man whom but
“ lately I wished to see once more. The
“ promise of the *Unknown*, which at first
“ thrilled me with unutterable rapture,
“ fills now my soul with horror, and I
“ dread the approach of night with the
“ agony of a hapless culprit who is led to
“ the place of execution. Grisly phan-
“ toms harass my soul, and my pertur-
“ bated mind divines a thousand horrid
“ thoughts.

“ thoughts. O my Lords! spare me the
“ painful task to describe the desponding
“ state of my poor heart, which as yet has
“ been so much the more excruciating,
“ because I have had nobody to whom I
“ could unbosom myself. I have not one
“ confidential soul in this lonely solitude.
“ No one but yourself is acquainted with
“ the incident which has plunged me in
“ that state of horror, and none but you
“ is privy to the secret source of my melancholy, which I am so little able to
“ conceal, that all my domestics have noticed it with surprise.”

Here she paused a moment, and then resumed :

“ Now you know every thing. Assist
“ me with your friendly advice. My heart
“ is dreadfully agitated, and my strength
“ dwindled away. In your sagacity, in
“ your courage, I take my last refuge.
“ Alas! I do not know how to act, if you
“ should refuse me your kind assistance.”

“ My lady,” my tutor replied, after a short silence, “ will you be so kind to
“ answer me a few questions?”

“ Ask

“ Ask whatever you will ; only advise
“ me what I shall do, and silence the dread-
“ ful storm which rages within my heart.”

“ Have you seen the unknown for the
“ first time three days ago ?”

“ I have.”

“ Have you never heard any thing of
“ him ?”

“ Never, in my whole life.”

“ You have desired him to let you see
“ the ghost of your departed Lord, and of
“ course must have confided in his power
“ to grant you your prayer. What reason
“ had you to do so ?”

“ The extraordinary and wonderful
“ things your noble pupil related of him,
“ the ease with which he tore asunder the
“ cords he was bound with, and his dis-
“ appearance in a room from which it is
“ impossible to escape, have raised that
“ confidence in my soul. The extraor-
“ dinary things I have heard and seen,
“ could not but make me fancy, that he
“ must be a being who can command the
“ secret powers of nature, and this idea
“ prompted me to beseech him to grant
“ me a meeting with my departed Lord.”

“ And

“ And why did you desire that meeting?
“ what reason had you to wish to see the
“ deceased once more?”

“ He has been torn from my fond bo-
“ som in a most shocking manner; has
“ been assassinated in a foreign country;
“ and I wished to see him once more, in
“ order to bid him a last adieu.”

“ Love then has prompted you to desire
“ the apparition, a love which could not
“ be shaken by death itself and a separa-
“ tion of two years?—And what reason
“ have you to apprehend your Lord will
“ be offended at your *fondness* for him?”

“ To disturb his rest, to interrupt his
“ happiness beyond the grave—this idea
“ tortures my afflicted heart.”

My tutor endeavoured to combat this apprehension, and his efforts seemed not to be without success. Some faint rays of returning serenity soon appeared in her countenance, which had been overspread with a melancholic gloom, which encouraged him to summon all his eloquence in order to dispel entirely the clouds of sadness still overdarkening her angelic face.

He

He was so happy as to attain his aim. Her eyes, which had been deprived of their usual brilliancy, began to be animated again; her cheeks, covered with deadly paleness, recovered their rosy hue; and that enchanting dimpled smile, which always had powerfully charmed my soul, adorned again her crimsoning lips, but a few minutes before the seat of gloomy melancholy; every trace of sadness vanished from her brow, and the cheerful dawn of hilarity reappeared on her lovely face, smoothing every wrinkle of inward sorrow. I read the triumph of my tutor in his sparkling eyes, and began to direct the conversation to subjects more pleasing, and more conducive to cheerful ideas. He comprehended my hint, and supported me with all his power. The Countess seemed to have entirely forgotten the apparition, and took a lively share in our conversation. Our discourse became more animated at table; my tutor displayed an inexhaustible fund of pleasing anecdotes and witty sallies, and our charming hostess was in an enchanting humour.

How

How quick is the transition from one extreme to the other! said I to myself, when I compared the present situation of the Countess with that in which we had found her on our arrival. Five hours of pleasure fled on the wings of hilarity before we rose from table, which had been served with extraordinary splendor and taste.

After dinner she proposed a walk in the garden. On our way thither we came through an apartment where I observed a picture which engaged my whole attention. I stopped to look at it. "How do you like that picture?" our hostess enquired after a silent pause, heaving a deep sigh. "It is a very interesting physiognomy!" said I, in which I was joined by my tutor. "I am rejoiced that the portrait of my fainted Lord is honoured with your applause." At the same instant her countenance grew gloomy and serious, which reminded us that it would be prudent to leave the room, and we hastened to the garden.

"I find on mature consideration," the Countess began after some turns in the
 VOL. I. F garden,

garden, "that I shall not be able to stand
" the sight of the apparition, if not sup-
" ported by a friend. (Here my tutor
" gave me a wink.) You have indeed set
" my conscience at rest in that respect;
" you have convinced me that my fear is
" unfounded, and that I have nothing to
" apprehend from the anger of my Lord;
" however, I fear such an awful scene will
" overpower me too much, and that I
" should not be able to avail myself of the
" assistance of your arguments; I foresee
" that female weakness will utterly destroy
" the beneficial effect of your convincing
" reasoning, and that so unnatural a sight
" will be too much for me." "My lords!"
she then added, in an accent which no
feeling man can resist, "since you have
" already obliged me so much, would you
" grant me one prayer more?"

"We are at your command, my lady!"

"Would you be so obliging as to be
" present at that awful spectacle?"

My tutor protested, he was very sorry
to have ordered the coach at six o'clock.

O! if

“ O ! if that is all, I will send one of
 “ my servants to order your coachman to
 “ come to-morrow morning.”

“ But, my lady, would it not give rise
 “ to disagreeable reflections among your
 “ domestics, if we were to stay all night ?”

“ Leave that to me—I will make them
 “ believe that your pupil is a near rela-
 “ tion of mine, which will remove every
 “ shadow of suspicion.”

My tutor was too much the gentle-
 man, to refuse any thing in his power to
 a beautiful lady, and we consented to stay.

Joy sparkled in her charming eyes, and
 every look of hers bespoke the lively gra-
 titude of her heart. “ Come ! I will shew
 “ you my favourite spot !” she said, and led
 us to a bower, the sight of which evident-
 ly bespoke its owner’s melancholic turn of
 mind and taste. “ This is the solitary
 “ asylum where my mind is wont to
 “ wander through the mazy labyrinths of
 “ serious meditations, where I can indulge
 “ the sweet delusions of fancy, and give
 “ vent to my feelings, where the suffer-
 “ ings and joys of my earlier years visit
 F 2 “ me

“ me, and the scenes of my past life afford me a spectacle so entertaining and so pleasing, that I almost live entirely in this place.”

“ Can so young a lady- (I interrupted her) “ have indeed experienced so many freaks of fortune ?”

“ O, my lords, my life is so eventful, and my adventures are so strange and wonderful, that those to whom I should relate them would fancy they heard a nursery-tale.”

“ Who could think so if *you* should relate them ?”

“ If you will promise me not to betray my secrets (she resumed after some reflection) “ I will give you a sketch of my life, and I flatter myself that my tale will at least not seem tedious to you.”

We promised it, and she began, after we had seated ourselves :

“ I was born in a provincial town of France. My parents are rich, and of ancient nobility. My mother hated me in the same degree in which my father loved me, and all my endeavours to
“ gain

“ gain her love, proved abortive. My
 “ father did every thing in his power to
 “ unroot this unnatural hatred from her
 “ bosom, at least to check its barbarous ef-
 “ fects, but in vain ; her hatred increased
 “ with every reproach which my father
 “ loaded her with on that score, and she
 “ teased, shamed, and humiliated me,
 “ whenever she could find an opportunity,
 “ and even beat me frequently. I bore
 “ her cruel treatment with a submission
 “ and patience which my father secretly
 “ admired ; however, he observed at the
 “ same time with inward grief, how my
 “ sufferings increased every day, the more
 “ I strove to conceal them. My strength
 “ dwindled away, sapped by the hand of
 “ silent grief, and the roses of youth
 “ withered on my cheeks.

“ One evening when my mother and
 “ brother were gone out, he sent for me
 “ to his study. The affecting scene which
 “ then ensued is still present to my recol-
 “ lection. He was sitting at his writing-
 “ desk, when I entered the room, and rose
 “ to press me to his affectionate heart.

“ ‘ Come to the bosom of a loving father,’
“ he said, ‘ and let me speak comfort to
“ thy suffering mind. The anticipation
“ of the pleasure to spend with you our
“ common birth-day, (I was then thirteen
“ and my father fifty-three years old) has
“ filled my heart with secret joy for some
“ time. I will not deprive you and my-
“ self any longer of the consolation to
“ disclose to you the feelings of a father’s
“ heart. Poor girl!’ taking my hands in
“ his, and looking tenderly at me, ‘ you
“ are much in want of that poor consola-
“ tion.’ ‘ O! my father!’ groaned I,
“ while tears of grief and filial affection
“ bedewed my cheeks. ‘ I know what
“ you have suffered,’ he resumed, ‘ and
“ still are suffering.

“ God knows, it is not *my* fault. I have
“ oftentimes attempted to put a stop to
“ your affliction, but alas! all my labour
“ has been lost. Thou art not alone un-
“ happy, my dear child, thy father whose
“ joyless heart feels for thee, suffers too. I
“ should be less miserable if thou wer’t not
“ so dear to my heart; for why should I
“ conceal

“ conceal it from thee, that thou art the
 “ darling of my life ! yes, my child, here
 “ were no human witnesses, where the all-
 “ seeing God only hears us, I confess to
 “ thee, that thou art to me the most pre-
 “ cious jewel, my pride, my hope, and—
 “ every thing.’ I kissed his reverend hand
 “ with unspeakable emotion.

“ My constitution is much impaired,’
 “ he continued after a long pause ‘ and I
 “ am fifty-three years old. I feel, my
 “ darling, that I shall not live much lon-
 “ ger, and therefore, have made my will.’
 “ I prostrated myself to his feet : “ Not a
 “ word more, my dear affectionate father, if
 “ you love your child. The idea of your
 “ death rends my heart asunder. O ! God !
 “ if your presentiment should prove true,
 “ how miserable should then your poor
 “ forsaken daughter be ; this would make
 “ me really wretched ! While you are
 “ living, and share my secret sorrows, I
 “ cannot be entirely miserable.’ ‘ My
 “ dear child,’ my father resumed, ‘ death
 “ is our common lot, and sooner or later I
 “ must pay the debt of nature. This life

“ is nothing but a pilgrimage to our eter-
“ nal abode. Thou hast as yet enjoyed
“ very few cheerful hours ; it shall not be
“ so any longer. I am a rich man. Thy
“ mother and brother have done very little
“ to deserve my affection. The latter is
“ a malicious, proud, and licentious boy,
“ and thy mother—alas! thou doest not
“ know the nameless injury and grief she
“ has caused me. They have very little
“ claim to my fortune, and shall be made
“ sensible of it. But thou, my daughter,
“ to whom as yet, I could prove so little
“ the whole extent of my affection, shall
“ experience one time, that thou art
“ the darling of my heart, the sole ob-
“ ject that renders life still desirable to
“ a wretched man.’ He pressed me ten-
“ derly to his heaving heart, while he pro-
“ nounced these words. My tears ming-
“ led with his. He then gave me some
“ pious instructions which have made so
“ deep an impression on my mind, that I
“ shall never forget them. I left his stu-
“ dy, moved to the soul.

“ You will hardly guess what was the
“ secret spring of my patient demeanor,
“ which

“ which gained me the admiration and
 “ love of my reverend father. I ought
 “ to account to you for it, and am sure
 “ you will be surprised. I was not six
 “ years old, when one evening an acci-
 “ dent happened to me in our garden,
 “ which is so wonderful and extraordi-
 “ nary, that it will hardly gain your credit.
 “ My nurse, who was sure of my discretion,
 “ had left me to stray by myself through a
 “ grove of beech trees, when I suddenly
 “ heard an unknown voice exclaim—
 “ ‘ Amelia! Amelia!’ I started, because
 “ I knew there was nobody in the garden
 “ but myself; however my curiosity, and
 “ the melodious accent of that voice, soon
 “ subdued my fear, and I directed my
 “ eyes to the place from whence it came.
 “ But, imagine my horror, when I ob-
 “ served a white figure sitting in a dark
 “ grotto, not above thirty paces distant from
 “ me. The apparition made a sign to me
 “ to approach; I was fixed to the ground,
 “ for a moment, and then began to run
 “ as fast as I could, when the figure ex-
 “ claimed once more—‘ Amelia! Ame-
 “ lia! be not afraid, it is thy friend who
 “ calls

“ calls thee.’ But I did not venture to
“ look back, and ran out of the garden as
“ fast as I could.

“ This event had left so deep an im-
“ pression on my mind, that I could not
“ close my eyes a single moment the
“ whole night. The apparition was con-
“ stantly hovering before me, and the me-
“ lodious acclamation—*Amelia, be not*
“ *afraid!* vibrated incessantly in my ears.
“ I began to repent my fearful flight, and
“ to wish the apparition might re-appear
“ the next evening. My little heart was
“ panting all the day for the sitting in of
“ twilight, and when evening came, was
“ filled with secret joy and fear. I had
“ told neither my parents nor our domes-
“ tics a single syllable of the apparition,
“ lest I might not be suffered to go into
“ the garden. My nurse, who accompa-
“ nied me thither at the usual hour, left
“ me again to myself when it began to wax
“ dark. I kept at a great distance from the
“ grotto, directing, however, my eyes
“ constantly towards it. ’Ere long the
“ white figure appeared again, calling
“ with

“ with a sweet heavenly voice : ‘ come to
“ my arms, Amelia ! why did’st thou flee
“ yesterday from thy friend ? come to
“ me, sweet child ! dont fear, I will not
“ hurt thee !’ so saying, the apparition
“ stretched out her arms ; I was thrilled
“ with horror, and going to leave the
“ garden, when she exclaimed : ‘ Stay,
“ stay, as thou valuest thy happiness ! If
“ thou fleest to night, then thou wilt see
“ me no more !’ the word happiness re-
“ tarded my flight, and the apprehension
“ of seeing her no more made me turn
“ back. Curiosity, and hope to be libe-
“ rated from my misery, afforded me cou-
“ rage and strength to approach, though
“ with slow and fearful steps. On coming
“ nearer I saw that the apparition was a
“ beautiful lady in a snow-white gar-
“ ment, standing at the entrance of the
“ grotto, with a basket of fruits in her
“ hand ; her figure was grand and majes-
“ tic, her countenance the sweet abode
“ of celestial kindness ; she appeared to
“ me an inhabitant of heaven’s realms.
“ A sight so pleasing and inviting, at once
“ dis-

“ dispelled every remnant of fear, and I
“ advanced boldly. She took me, smiling,
“ ing, by the hand, leading me to the remotest
“ recess of the grotto, seated herself on a mossy
“ stone, and took me on her lap. Having kissed me
“ thrice on my forehead, she gave me the basket
“ and said: ‘ Come eat, sweet child, and refresh
“ thyself, forget in my arms the cruel treatment
“ of thy barbarous mother. I know thy sufferings,
“ and will alleviate them. We will meet here once
“ every week. I will be a mother to thee,
“ and promote thy happiness to the utmost of my
“ power.’

“ She was as good as her word. I enjoyed her
“ company once every week, and, ere long, our hearts
“ were allied in bonds of mutual affection and
“ holy friendship. The time I spent with her,
“ and which always fled on wings of innocent
“ pleasure, was dedicated to consolations and
“ sage instructions. Now you will be able to
“ account for my patience and forbearance,
“ with which I submitted to the cruel treatment
“ of my
“ unna-

“unnatural mother. No season was more
 “tedious to me than winter, when I was
 “not suffered to go into the garden, and
 “consequently could not see the benevo-
 “lent lady, because she was no where to
 “be met with but in the grotto.”

“Have you never been surpris'd in
 “her company by your nurse?” my tutor
 enquired.

“Never. She always dismissed me be-
 “fore the servant arrived, who usually staid
 “away above half an hour. However,
 “when I had attained my tenth year, I
 “could enjoy her company for a longer
 “space of time, because I had leave to
 “go in the garden by myself, and fre-
 “quently staid above an hour in the grot-
 “to. The happy hours I spent at that
 “favourite place, made ample amends for
 “the many sufferings I experienced in
 “the course of the week, and I cannot
 “but confess, that I owe the improve-
 “ment of my mind and heart wholly to
 “the tender care of the white lady.

“A little more than nine months after
 “the aforementioned conversation with
 “my

“ my father, I found her one evening de-
“ pressed by deep melancholy, and lost in
“ profound meditation. She viewed me
“ for some time in mournful silence, and
“ then began: ‘ Amelia! we must part.
“ I am going to take leave of thee. Thou
“ shalt see me no more.’ I dropped to
“ the ground in an agony of grief, and
“ shed briny tears of unspeakable sorrow.
“ ‘ Rise my daughter,’ she resumed in a
“ melancholy strain, ‘ rise and do not
“ spend with useless complaints the few
“ moments I am allowed to stay with thee.
“ Thou always hast been a good, obedi-
“ ent child; Heaven will reward thy
“ piety sooner or later. Take courage,
“ and never forget the instructions of thy
“ friend. Thy present misery shall end
“ in less than four months. More I dare
“ not disclose to thee.—Farewell!’ So
“ saying, she strained me to her panting
“ heart, tears bedewed her face, while my
“ sorrows and groans suffocated my voice,
“ ‘ Do not let us wantonly imbitter our
“ separation by immoderate grief’ she said,
“ at length, ‘ my time is short; listen to
“ what

“ what I am going to say.—Numberless
 “ misfortunes await thee in this vain
 “ world; but do not despair. Put thy
 “ confidence in him, who ordains the fate
 “ of mortals with paternal love and wis-
 “ dom. He will be thy guardian, *and one*
 “ *time bid happiness reward thy virtue and*
 “ *thy sufferings.* Let this idea support thy
 “ afflicted heart when thy sufferings shall
 “ seem endless to thee. Here, take this
 “ sealed paper, and keep it as a pledge of
 “ my unalterable friendship for thee.
 “ Take care not to lose it, and let not
 “ idle curiosity tempt thee to open it be-
 “ fore thou hast found the man whom
 “ thy heart shall choose as a partner in
 “ happiness and affliction. It will be of
 “ great service to thee.” So saying, she
 “ kissed me thrice on my forehead, adding
 “ with a faltering voice: “ ‘ Go now, and
 “ leave me—the parting hour is arrived.
 “ Farewell! We shall meet again!’ With
 “ these words, she disappeared in the grot-
 “ to, and I went to my apartment with
 “ ing eyes.”

“ Have you never heard tidings of her
 “ after your separation?”

“ Never.

“ Never. Heaven only knows who
“ this friend was, whence she came and
“ whither she went. I never have seen
“ her any where before her first, and after
“ her last appearance in the grotto. At
“ our first interview, she enjoined me to
“ keep our meeting secret, else I should
“ see her no more, and under the same
“ penalty forbade me to inquire who she
“ was. The only key to the mystery, the
“ dear pledge of her inestimable friend-
“ ship which she gave me on my farewell
“ visit, I have lost in an unaccountable
“ manner. You cannot conceive how
“ much this loss has grieved and afflicted
“ me. I dare not think of it.”

“ Then you never have opened the
“ sealed paper?”

“ It was unopened when I lost it.”

Here she paused a while, and then continued: “ Three months after the separation from my unknown friend, we were
“ visited by an aunt, whose presence had
“ been rendered necessary by some family
“ concerns. She came from Paris, and
“ stayed but a short time at our house.

“ I soon

“ I soon engaged her attention, and at the
 “ same time became dear to her heart.
 “ Although my mother carefully refrained
 “ from showing any ill-will towards me
 “ in her presence, yet she could not en-
 “ tirely conceal her dislike to me from
 “ her prying eye; and my good aunt
 “ watching an opportunity to speak to me
 “ in private, pressed me to disclose to her
 “ my real situation. She had gained my
 “ regard and affection so entirely, that I
 “ did not hesitate a moment to yield to her
 “ tender request, and faithfully informed
 “ her of the whole extent of my forlorn
 “ situation, which drew tears of pity from
 “ her eyes. She asked me whether I could
 “ not resolve to go with her to Paris, and
 “ to live in her house, which she would
 “ endeavour to make as agreeable to me
 “ as it should be in her power. You can
 “ easily think that I accepted her offer
 “ with rapture. My worthy father felt not
 “ less pleasure at it, knowing my aunt to
 “ be a prudent and honest woman, to
 “ whose care he safely could intrust my
 “ education. He rejoiced at that wished
 “ “ for

“ for opportunity of procuring me an asylum against the rank and unconquerable hatred of my mother, who seemed to delight in my manifold sufferings and sorrows.”

“ The only person who opposed this welcome proposal was my mother, of whom I had least suspected any thing of that kind. She raised a number of objections, which however were so happily refuted by my father and aunt, that at length she was obliged to give her consent to my departure. When I went to take leave of that tyrannical parent, she gave me a number of dry admonitions, which she was pleased to call affectionate counsels of a tender mother. My father gave me his benediction with silent grief and weeping eyes. A single word from the lips of that dear parent would have shaken my resolution to depart, and kept me back in a house where grief and sorrow were constantly undermining my health and tranquillity, so much was my heart devoted to him. When he was lifting me into the carriage,

“ riage,

“riage, he strained me once more to his
 “loving heart, and it seemed to me as if
 “he was bidding me an eternal adieu;
 “which alas! was really the case;” the
 Countess added with great emotion, after
 a silent pause of agony, “I have seen
 “him no more; he died a year after my
 “departure. The shocking intelligence
 “of his death, plunged me in a deep me-
 “lancholy and had almost proved fatal to
 “my life.”

“My aunt was as good as her word.—
 “Beneath her hospitable roof, I found the
 “ideal picture of happiness, which I had
 “frequently drawn in the sweet hours of
 “imaginary delusion, realised. She an-
 “ticipated every wish of my little heart,
 “and her eyes beamed with celestial plea-
 “sure, when she could rouse in my soul
 “the dormant seed of innocent joy. She
 “was a widow and childless; I possessed,
 “of course, her heart undivided, and her
 “whole great fortune was at my com-
 “mand. The influence which content
 “and hilarity produced on my constitu-
 “tion, became soon visible. My figure,
 “which

“ which had been withering on the ma-
“ ternal soil, began to be animated with
“ new life and vigour, and I bloomed
“ under the fostering hand of my amiable
“ relation, like a rose transplanted in a
“ luxuriant soil, and nursed by the bene-
“ ficial care of an industrious gardener.

“ Thus passed a year in undisturbed
“ tranquillity, on roseate pinions of hila-
“ rity and joy, when—”

Here the Countess was interrupted by a servant who brought a letter.

“ A letter from my uncle!” she ex-
claimed. The servant was waiting at the
entrance of the door ’till she had perused
it. “ I am sorry,” said she, “ that I
“ must leave you for some time. The
“ regard I owe my uncle, and the import-
“ ant contents of the letter, oblige me to
“ return a speedy answer. I shall endea-
“ vour to join you as soon as possible;
“ ’till then, farewell cousin!” At these
words the servant gazed at me with curi-
ous looks, and our hostess left us to our-
selves. She staid above an hour. On
her return she told us that she had been
inter-

interrupted in her narration at the most remarkable period of her life. "How-
 "ever," added she, "since this period
 "would recall many melancholy ideas
 "which I particularly wish to avoid this
 "day, and supper time is approaching, I
 "will give you the continuation another
 "time."

We were sitting at the table 'till eleven o'clock, when the Countess at once began to grow serious and gloomy ; the presentiment of the impending awful scene, seemed to have chased away every shadow of hilarity. She ordered the servant to carry candles and cards to the apartment where the apparition was to be, and then desired him to retire 'till she should ring the bell.

When he was gone, she walked up and down the room with hasty strides and folded arms. A dreadful combat seemed to have taken place in her soul. At once she stopped, looking fearfully around, and then flung herself on the sofa.

My tutor interrupted, at length, the universal silence :—" Will you play, my
 "Lady?"

She

She gazed at him with astonishment.

“Then you will not play?”

A shaking of her head was the only answer.

“I fancied you would play, because you have ordered cards.”

“Mere pretext,” she replied, “will you not sit down?”

We seated ourselves by her side upon the sofa. It struck a quarter after eleven. Her face grew deadly wan.

“What frail beings we females are!” said she at length. “A little while ago, I was all resolution; and now every spark of courage is extinguished!”

My tutor took great pains to rouse her spirit; but all his endeavours were fruitless. She grew several times so faint, that we were obliged to revive her by the application of salts. Her ash-pale face contrasted with her black dress.

When the clock which was in the room struck three quarters after eleven, she started up, but soon seated herself again, requesting me to bolt the door. Every look, every motion of the muscles of her face

face, bespoke the dreadful agony of her mind.

I bolted the door and began to wish my tutor had not accepted the invitation.

“ I am sorry,” said he, “ that my arguments cannot revive your courage.

“ It is not the fault of your arguments, but of my imagination, what the former build, is destroyed the next moment by a dream I had last night.”

“ A dream !” we both exclaimed, seized with astonishment.

“ Hear, and then judge me. I dreamed last night, that I was sitting at midnight, by the tomb which you have seen below stairs, reflecting on the promised apparition of my deceased lord. Solemn, awful stillness of the grave, was swaying around me. Not the least breeze of air was felt. The horrors of darkness surrounded me ; a faint ray of the moon was trembling over the white stones of the tomb, and rendered the skulls and bones which were placed upon it visible to my afrighted looks. At once it seemed to me, as if they were
“ stir-

“ stirring. Odours of the grave assailed
“ my smelling organs, and the tomb began
“ to shake violently. A hollow dismal
“ voice called from the tomb of the
“ grave : ‘ Who dares to disturb the rest
“ of the dead ? ’ ‘ It is thy wife ! ’ a se-
“ cond voice replied. ‘ I will chastise the
“ daring wretch ! ’ resumed the first voice.
“ The tomb was suddenly shaken with a
“ thundering voice, a gaping chasm ap-
“ peared at the foot of the pedestal, and
“ a grisly skeleton rose up, exclaiming
“ with a dreadful voice—‘ Here I am !
“ what dost thou want ? ’ I fled on wings
“ of terror, the skeleton was close at my
“ heels, took suddenly hold of me, and—”

Here it struck twelve. The tongue of the Countess seemed to be fettered with the first stroke ; she stared wildly around, her bosom heaved violently, her whole frame was convulsed with dreadful contortions. No sound came from her lips.

With the last stroke the candles were suddenly extinguished by an invisible hand ; the thunder shook the house, and the windows rattled, a putrid odour filled the

the room, and a flash of lightning disclosed to our eyes a pale, ghastly-looking figure, three steps distant from us, which at first sight appeared to have a striking resemblance to the picture which I had seen after dinner. His eyes were hollow, and traces of corruption were visible on his cheeks. He was wrapped in a shroud, with which he endeavoured to stop the blood streaming from a gaping wound in his left side.

The phantom appeared and disappeared as the lightning flashed or died away. The intervals of impenetrable darkness, which alternately concealed the spectre from our sight, were more horrible than the apparition itself.—The ghost seemed fixed to the spot.

The Countess dropped to the ground, wringing her hands in wild agony.

A long dreadful pause ensued.

“Why hast thou called me hither?”

The apparition spoke only by intervals, when the lightning rendered it visible. The flashes were always extremely strong and lasting.

The Countess attempted to speak, but the words died on her lips.

The bleeding spectre repeated his question, slow and awful.

“To take an eternal farewell!” she stammered at last, with a faint voice.

“*In this company?*” Here his staring eyes shot flashes of anger:—The Countess looked by turns at me and my tutor; the latter seemed offended, and was going to seize the phantom, but a terrible flash of lightning prostrated him to the ground.

“*Woman! woman! woman!*”

“O speak! thy servant hears with trembling.”

“*What business hast thou with the son of my assassin?*”

She started suddenly up:—“How?” pointing at me, “his father thy murderer?”

“*He did not perpetrate himself the ruffian deed, he sent his myrmidons to assassinate me.*”

“All-powerful God!” with these words I sunk on the sofa, almost fainting.—Horror raised my hair like the bristles of the porcupine.

“*Shame-*

"*Shamefully, shamefully have I been murdered! look here!—summon all thy fortitude! look how they have treated me!*"

So saying, he uncovered his left side entirely, and five gaping wounds were streaming with blood. 'This fight dried up the marrow in my bones.

The Countess moaned like a maniac. "O speak!" she exclaimed at length in an agony of violent pain, "tell me what I can do for thee."

"*Avenge thyself on my murderer through magnanimity: I must be gone!*"

Impenetrable darkness concealed him from our eyes. "*My destiny calls me hence. Be generous, and forgive my murderer!*"

"O stay but a moment longer; only one word more—" she exclaimed. A tremendous clap of thunder interrupted her words. Lightnings flashed and the phantom vanished.

I sat on the sofa lost in dumb astonishment. The Countess seemed to be out of her senses. My tutor recovered first and roused me from my stupefaction. We then attempted to revive the Countess;

but all our endeavours were fruitless. I rang the bell furiously. The servants rushed into the room, and I exclaimed in an agony of distress, "make haste, "make haste to assist your lady, she has been "seized with a fainting fit at play!" This accident alarmed the whole house, and all the domestics crowded into our room.

In about a quarter of an hour the Countess recovered, but her strength was so much exhausted, that she hardly could speak. The servants hinting that she wanted to go to rest, we left her and went to our apartments.

When we were alone I put several questions with regard to the apparition to my tutor; finding, however, that he was very sparing with his words, I kept my opinions to myself. I shall never forget that night; it was the most horrid of my life; doubts, conjectures, thwarted expectations, dreadful fancies, apprehensions, &c. &c. &c. assailed and tormented me by turns, "My father!" said I to myself, "the murderer of the husband of the darling of my heart? Impossible! And yet if

if I reflect on the reality of that dreadful apparition, how can I convince myself of the contrary? Who knows in what connections my father has been with the deceased? Who knows whether he has not, deceived by false informations, resolved to bring a sacrifice to the state by the assassination of that unfortunate man? But perhaps the whole apparition is nothing but a fraud of the Unknown, and the assassination nothing but a fiction, adapted to the plan he has formed with regard to me. Yet how can he dare to found his plan upon something, the falsity of which I can detect so easily? Easily? — Will my father ever confess it to me, if he has committed that murder? and by what means else shall I know it? However, how does his probity, his noble character correspond with an assassination by the assistance of banditti? No, it is a lie! But is not my father a Duke? perhaps he has been obliged, by reasons of state, to do what he would not have done as a private man. And suppose it should be false, alas! how shall I convince my Ame-

lia of it? What will it avail me, while she believes it true? In what light must she view the son of her husband's murderer? How can I dare to appear before her? O God! to see her no more, to speak no more to her! And yet this might perhaps be the only means to come to the bottom of that mysterious matter. The relation of her history might probably throw some light upon the words of the phantom, and afford a clue to come to the certainty.—But to what certainty? Shall I not lose every thing if the pretended murder should be confirmed?"

These and similar ideas tormented me all night long in such a manner, that my tutor was frightened at my appearance, when he saw me in the morning.

The situation in which I found myself, told me what I had endeavoured to conceal from myself—that the beautiful Countess had fettered my heart for ever. I felt now that the separation from her, which could not be avoided, would make me miserable to the highest degree; and alas! every ray of hope to avoid that separation,

paration, began to vanish the more I reflected upon the matter. How willingly would I have renounced all my claim to future grandeur, which I, as the son of a Duke, was entitled to, to any one who had pointed out to me certain means of restoring the former relation, which had subsisted between myself and the Countess.

I rose very early in the morning, to enquire of the servants how she had rested. The physician, who was just coming from her apartment, told me the Countess was in a situation which made him despair of her life. "The fever," he said, "which
 "was already so violent when I came,
 "seems to increase with every moment.
 "I must first see what effect the medicine
 "which I have administered shall produce, before I can take further measures." The information I received from the physician was a dagger to my heart. I intreated him, I conjured him with tears, to apply all his skill, in order to save a life for which I would sacrifice any thing. "The Countess," I added,

G 4

after

after some reflexion, “is a near relation
“of mine, for whom I have the greatest
“affection.” The physician promised to
do whatever should be in his power, and I
left him with a beating heart.

“What is the matter? what ails you?”
my tutor exclaimed, frightened, when I
entered his room. I told him every thing.
He strove in vain to make me easy, and
perceived with terror that his soothing ar-
guments increased my uneasiness. My
apprehension for the life of the beautiful
Countess, began to change into a furious
grief, and I interrupted the consolations
of my tutor by expressions of the most
violent agony. He found it extremely
difficult to remove me from the castle.

However, nothing was gained by my
removal, for I had left my heart at the
castle. I was in a state of despondency,
and nothing in the world was capable of
cheering me up. I sent my servant more
than four times a-day to the castle, and
he always returned with the intelligence
that the illness of the Countess was grow-
ing more and more alarming. How fre-
quently was I going to be an eye witness
of

of the situation of the lady : however, the apprehension that the sight of me might increase her illness, did not suffer me to go. Torn by two so violent passions as love and grief, my strength declined visibly, and the roses of youth began to fade on my cheeks. My tutor, who observed it with terror, fancied the removal from the source would cure the evil, and therefore proposed to continue our travels; however I told him plainly that I could not travel at present. All his remonstrances proved abortive, and I kept firm to my resolution.

All my endeavours were bent upon finding out the *Unknown*. He was the only person of whom I expected advice and assistance. I enquired every where, but nobody knew any thing of him. I roamed through the forest for whole days 'till late at night, but he was no where to be found. These proceedings I kept however concealed from my tutor, because I was well aware that he would prevent me from doing it, for fear some accident might befall me; and asking me one time, why I stayed out so late at night,

I pretended to take long walks for no other reason than to divert my thoughts.

One afternoon my servant came to inform me that the Countess was worse than ever, and at the same time gave me a letter. I knew instantly the hand writing of my father, and tore it open; but how was I struck with astonishment when I read the following lines :

“ I am very ill satisfied with you. It was
 “ my intention you should travel, but not
 “ turn a knight errant. I have been in-
 “ formed that you have contracted an in-
 “ timate acquaintance with a certain Coun-
 “ tess De Darbis, and even disclosed to
 “ her your name and rank. Is this the
 “ obedience you pay to my commands to
 “ travel *incognito* ? Do you thus answer
 “ the purpose for which I have sent you to
 “ travel ? How can you account for your
 “ suffering yourself to be entangled, in the
 “ very beginning of your travels, by a fool-
 “ ish passion which fixes you to one spot,
 “ and fetters your reason ? I command
 “ you, as you value my favour, to set off
 “ for * * * as soon as you have read this
 “ letter,

“ letter. If I should hear that you do
 “ not instantly execute the commands of
 “ your *father*, the orders of the *Duke* shall
 “ reduce you to obedience.

“ Your Father,

“ Duke of ***INA,

“ Marquis of VILLA***.”

I was rivetted to the ground as if a clap of thunder had struck me, when my tutor entered the room. He asked me with astonishment what had happened. I gave him the letter without returning an answer. He was astonished, as well at the contents, as at the tone of the letter, and could not conceive, like myself, how my father could have been informed of my acquaintance with the lady, which I had kept so secret. At the same time he assured me upon his honour, that he had not wrote him a single line on that subject. “ So much the worse !” I exclaimed, “ for then I have here an unknown
 “ spy upon me, who secretly watches all
 “ my steps.”

What struck me most, was the warmth with which my father commanded me to

renounce all connexion with the lady.—
“Should he, perhaps,” said I to myself,
“have reason to fear that she might disclose something to me which he does not wish me to know? The Countess has related to me only the beginning of her history; who knows what I should have heard farther? The apparition of her husband gives at least reason to suspect that my father had a share in her history, which is not much to his credit. He apprehends, perhaps, his son might hear things which would give him a disadvantageous idea of his father, or at least lessen the good opinion I have entertained of him as yet.—He upbraids me for having contracted an intimate acquaintance with the Countess, and soon after he reproaches me for having disclosed to her my name and rank. How could he be displeased with that, if our family had no reason to dread this lady, and if he did not wish for very important reasons, that I might remain unknown to her? The uncommon harsh and lording strain in which he commands me to depart for * * * as soon as I should

should have read his letter, seems to spring not so much from a paternal design to cure me of my love, as from an apprehension to be betrayed." In short, the murder of which the apparition had been speaking, appeared to me more and more probable. I did not conceal this conjecture from my tutor. He combated it, but not in such a manner that no doubt had been left, and thus at least some suspicion was left lurking in my heart.— This, and the harsh strain in which my father had commanded me to give up the first object of my attachment, lessened very much the regard and love I had always felt for him.

Whoever has experienced the power of the first love, can form an idea of the situation to which the stern command of my father reduced me. To tear myself from a woman whom I loved beyond expression, to tear myself from her at a time when a life, which was dearer to me than the favour of my father, was hovering on the brink of the grave, to remove to a place which was above three hundred leagues

leagues distant from her abode, and to expose myself to the danger of seeing her no more in this life, wounded my heart so deeply, that I should have stayed in spite of the commands of my father, if the kind and convincing remonstrances of my tutor had not forced me irresistibly to yield to sad necessity.

All that my prayers and supplications could persuade him to, was to grant me one day's respite; the day after to-morrow being fixed for our departure. I spent almost the whole day in searching for the Unknown; however, I came home very late without having had the least success, and departed the following morning without having seen him.

I now began to think that the Unknown either had no design upon me, or given it up because he had despaired of attaining his purpose. "For if neither were the case, (said I to myself) would he not have done his utmost to prevent my departure, or at least to delay it till he should have gained his aim. I was in his power; if he had had a design upon me, how could he have
suffered

suffered so fine an opportunity to escape, which never will return again. Should he not have exerted all his power to retain me at a place where the presence of the beautiful Countess occupied and perplexed my soul so much, that he could have ensnared and guided me very easily without apprehending any thing of my observing him." In short, I acquitted him of all suspicion, and considered him as a great man who was above all mean artifices, and would never dishonor by a bad use the secret power which he possessed.

The suspicion of my tutor of his being secretly associated with the lady, appeared to me to be still more unfounded and absurd. "If both had been leagued to entangle me in their nets, (said I to myself) how could they show so much indifference and inactivity at my departure. How contradictory would it have been if the *Unknown* had dissolved the intimacy which was produced between myself and the lady by an apparition of his own contrivance, and removed me from her house?

If

If she had preconcerted matters with him, whence that dread at the apparition, whence her terror, whence the horrible consequences of it, and the violent effect of her health? No, this cannot have been the work of the arts of dissimulation. A natural swoon can be distinguished from an artificial one, and the language of truth from that of fraud, and even the highest degree of dissimulation betrays itself after some time by little traits, which cannot escape the eye of a clear-sighted observer. If the Countess had imposed upon me, then the party-wall between nature and art, fiction and truth, appearance and reality must have been pulled down. And finally: who could have informed my father of my love, and thus effected my separation from the object of my affection? No person besides my tutor and the *Unknown* was privy to my love for the Countess; the former assured me upon his honor, that he had not betrayed me; my father must of course have been informed of it by the latter. But how could the *Unknown* have taken this step, if there
had

had been a secret intelligence between him and the lady? No! (said I) Amelia neither is nor can be an impostor; it would be madness and the blackest calumny to suspect her of it; her heart is as pure and amiable as her soul." Thus I discoursed with myself on the road, when the furious grief which was rankling in my heart abated now and then a little.

We were already three days at the place of our destination, when my servant brought me a letter from the post-office. It was from the valet of the Countess, and contained the following afflicting news.

"MY LORD,

"You have ordered me to inform you
 "frequently of the state of my Lady's
 "health, and how great soever the plea-
 "sure I always felt when executing your
 "commands may have been, yet I wish
 "this time you had entrusted somebody
 "else with that commission, for the intel-
 "ligence I am going to give you is of
 "such a nature that my hand trembled to
 "write it down, and my heart bleeds for
 "your

“ your Lordship.—Yes! prepare your-
“ self for the worst, for alas! she is dead,
“ my dear Countess is dead!

“ Previous to her departure, she re-
“ covered her recollection, of which she
“ had been bereft during her illness. She
“ died with the greatest resignation, and I
“ can add with pleasure. The anticipa-
“ tion of the joy to press in yon peaceful
“ mansions her Lord again to her bosom,
“ the hope of being reunited to him for
“ ever, conquered all fear of the phantom
“ of death. A few moments before her
“ decease, she inquired after you. I told
“ her that you had left us. ‘Left us?’
“ she replied with astonishment. ‘Why
“ has he left us?’ She died without hear-
“ ing my answer. O! My Lord! spare
“ me the pain of drawing a picture of our
“ grief and sorrow; we all are standing
“ around her coffin like orphans who have
“ lost their mother. Groans and lamen-
“ tations resound through the castle. My
“ heart bleeds—I must leave off writing.

“ FRANCIS PILESKY.”

I need

I need not tell what effect this intelligence had upon my heart. Such sensations surpass all description. My peace of mind seemed fled for ever; the violent beating of my heart threatened to burst my breast, and almost suffocated me. I threw my cloak around my shoulders and hurried into the fields like a madman. Without recollection was I roving about, as far as my feet would carry me. When the violent workings of my heart began to abate, after I had roamed about for some hours, I found myself at the borders of a river in an unknown place. The silver rays of the moon were skipping upon the crystal waves, and I walked up and down the bank lost in gloomy meditation. The awful solemn silence of a church-yard reigned around me. The unison murmuring of the river, added to the gloominess of my soul.

I felt an irresistible desire to bury myself and my grief in the waves. I went to the brink of the rising bank, looked around, and then fixing my eyes again upon the water, methought some one was whispering

ing in my ear :—" In these waves is rest, " why dost thou hesitate to drown thy " endless sufferings." I fancied Amelia was rising from the waves and winking me to follow her. " Yes!" exclaimed I, " I " am coming." So saying, I plunged into the water. The current hurried me rapidly along, I entangled myself in my cloak and went to the bottom.

I had soon swallowed so much water, that I was bereft of all recollection.

When my senses returned, I was seized with a strange unspeakable sensation—I felt, indeed, that I was no longer in the water, but *where* I was I could not guess. Intense darkness surrounded me ; the kingdom of eternal silence seemed to have received me. I felt that I was lying on firm ground, but not a single glimmering of light hailed my eyes. Different confused ideas crowded upon and tormented me. I had kept myself as quiet as possible for a considerable time, but at length the incertitude in which I was, left me no rest. My apprehensions hurried me up ; when I was going to rise, I felt myself pressed

pressed down again by an unknown power. I gave a scream of horror, and the echo of my own voice filled me with awful dread.

After a long painful pause, I heard, not far from me, somebody exclaim, "*Woe, woe, woe!*" At the same time, I felt a push from behind, and a flame arose within a small distance from me, spreading a bluish glimmer around. I beheld myself in a spacious empty vault, and not far off espied a man wrapt in a scarlet cloth, with a round hat that covered part of his face which was turned towards me. He was standing there silent and motionless like a statue. My blood curdled in my veins, and my hair bristled; I fancied myself to be at the place of eternal judgment. After a long awful pause, the former voice exclaimed once more, "*Woe, woe, woe!*" The man in the scarlet cloak was still silent and motionless; my heart shrank with chilly dread; my teeth began to chatter.

After a long interval the man seemed to stir.—Fear roused my spirit; I addressed myself

myself to him.—“Whofoever thou art,” faid I, “thou art probably my preferver; receive my thanks, and tell me why I am in this place, and how I came hither?” Neither my thanks nor my apprehenfion feemed to move him; he remained filent and without motion. Now all my courage and every glimmer of hope left me.

The exclamation of woe refounded a third time, the phantom lifted the hat, and opened his cloak. He was drefsed in black; a white beard was flowing down his breast; he came towards me with flow and folemn fteps.

“Dofl thou know me?” he faid, with a voice which thrilled my marrow and bones. He advanced a ftep more, and looking him in the face, I dropped to the ground with a loud fcream. It was the *Unknown*.

I lay proflrated on my face a long while, as if flruck down by a clap of thunder; at length I got on my tottering legs. “Dofl thou know me?” he repeated with a look which pierced my foul,
and

and with a tone which makes even the righteous tremble. "Unfathomable being who art hovering about me every where! I do not know thee, though I have seen thee frequently."

He paused awhile.

"What hast thou done?"

The words died upon my lips.

"Dost thou value life so little, as to throw it away for the sake of a woman?"

"The loss of Amelia—my love—"

"Be silent; can the loss of a woman justify the self-murder of a man! Miserable wretch! thou knowest the value of thy life, as little as thy duties!"

"Alas! if you knew the power of love—"

"Love is the sweetener of life, but to make it the scope of life is madness."

"My infatuation—"

"Infatuation is no excuse becoming a man, who soars above the common herd, by the power of reasoning."

"Pronounce my doom, my fate is in thy power."

"Well

“ Well then, listen to what I am going
“ to say.”

“ Providence has placed thee in a situ-
“ ation, the importance of which thou
“ hadst not weighed before thou didst
“ plunge into the waves. Thou art the
“ son of a Duke, and soon wilt succeed
“ thy noble father.—Has thy destiny no
“ charms for thee? Dost thou deem it of
“ no value to become one time the ar-
“ biter of the happiness of many thou-
“ sands? I am not speaking now of the
“ happiness of thy future subjects only, I
“ am speaking of the welfare of the state,
“ whose member thou art, and upon the
“ constitution of which thou canst, and
“ shalt have the most important influence,
“ if thou desirest it. Or should it be in-
“ different to thee that thy native coun-
“ try groans under the goad of a foreign
“ tyrant, and by degrees is reduced to a
“ deadly languor by its ever bleeding
“ wounds? Is a woman dearer to thy
“ heart than the common weal? Can the
“ distress of thy country, the voice of ho-
“ nour, which calls thee to great, im-
“ mortal

“ mortal deeds, prevail so little upon thy
 “ mind, that a mean, self-interested pas-
 “ sion is sufficient to employ all thy in-
 “ tellectual powers, and to make thee for-
 “ get all thy honourable connections, and
 “ the concerns of a whole oppressed peo-
 “ ple?—Speak ! answer me !”

“ Let the blushes which cover my
 “ burning face serve instead of an an-
 “ swer.”

“ Woe unto thee that thou art in want
 “ of these admonitions, in order to see the
 “ whole extent of the atrociousness of thy
 “ deed ! Harken to me, and hear thy sen-
 “ tence ! Thou art a mean, thoughtless
 “ man, undeserving the post which Provi-
 “ dence has pointed out to thee, while
 “ thou art concentrating thy wishes in the
 “ favours of a woman, and thinkest her
 “ loss the greatest misfortune that can be-
 “ fall thee ; while thou art regardless of
 “ thy great calling ; while active patri-
 “ otism and honour are not thy constant
 “ companions, and thy heart does not
 “ thirst for the glory of noble deeds !”

“ Thou hast roused my patriotism, and
 “ my thirst for glory ; I will adopt thy

“ principles. Farewel love, and every
“ mean passion. To dedicate myself to
“ honour, and to the welfare of my fel-
“ low citizens, be from hence my sole
“ aim !”

“ I do not want thee to renounce love
“ entirely, but only to cease being her
“ slave. I only desire thee to dedicate
“ to her none but thy leisure hours, and
“ not to ascribe to her a value which she
“ has not. *Do not confine thyself to indivi-*
“ *duals, but make the whole thy chief aim.*
“ *Trifles* must have no charms for thee,
“ and the opinion of common men no va-
“ lue. Learn to know thyself and to va-
“ lue thy life. I do not wish thee to fear
“ death, but only to honour life as an in-
“ strument to the great ends for which
“ thou hast been endowed with superior
“ intellectual powers. Swear that thou
“ never wilt *seek* death until thy life shall
“ cease being useful to thy fellow citi-
“ zens! swear !”

“ I swear by God and my honour to
“ follow thy advice.”

He looked at me with an eye which
cannot be deceived by false appearance ;
he

he was looking at me for some time. The flame began to blaze aloft, and a soft enchanting music to vibrate in my ear. I heard harmonious strains, but saw nobody; a sweet angelic voice accompanied the melodious notes of a harp: the theme of its song was—*Amelia lives!*

“Amelia lives?” I exclaimed with amazement.

“She lives!” the *Unknown* replied, “but do not enquire farther.”

He blindfolded my eyes and led me away. I ascended a flight of steps, and descended another; at length I came into the open field. I put several questions to my conductor, but he gave me no answer. At length the bandage was removed from my eyes, and looking around, I found myself standing at the door of my house. My conductor was no where to be seen.

My tutor was already asleep when I came home, and I resolved not to tell him a word of what had happened to me. When he asked me the following morning where I had staid so late last night, I gave him an evasive answer.

My wet garments I gave secretly to my servant to dry them; however that incident had produced such a violent effect upon me, that I was obliged to keep my bed; yet my illness was of no consequence, for the second day I was again able to go abroad.

Two days were elapsed before I perceived that I had lost two bank bills, each of one thousand guelders. I recollected to have put them in my coat pocket the same evening I had plunged into the river, and went therefore instantly to my servant, to whom I had given my coat, asking him whether he had not found them in it. I was almost petrified when he replied he had not. Having always known him to be an honest fellow, I fancied I either had dropped them somewhere, or lost them in plunging into the river. I enjoined my servant not to tell my tutor a syllable of it, adding I might perhaps have mislaid them, and probably would find them again.

I was in the greatest distress, because I did not chuse to tell my tutor of it, nor
could

could I acquaint my father with my loss, for if he has a prevailing fault, it is overstrained parsimony, which I however had so much the less reason to condemn, as he was hoarding only for me, his sole future heir. Having considered for some time how to extricate myself from my disagreeable situation, I resolved to address myself to the *Unknown*, of whose power and benevolent disposition, the last accident had given me so high an idea, that I reposed an unbounded confidence in him.

This confidence encreased on my receiving after a few days the following letter.

“ MY LORD,

“ It is with unspeakable pleasure I am
 “ taking up the pen to communicate to
 “ you an event which is as joyful as it is
 “ incredible. Countess Amelia lives;
 “ my departed Lady is returned to life
 “ again. Give me leave to relate the his-
 “ tory of her resurrection from the be-
 “ ginning.

“ She had lain already three days in her
 “ coffin; on the evening of the third day,

“ when she was to be buried, an unknown
“ person came to the castle, desiring to see
“ the deceased. We admitted him. He
“ was dressed in black, carrying a round
“ hat in one hand, and concealing with
“ the other one half of his face in a scar-
“ let cloak. He approached the deceased,
“ viewed her for some time, and then put
“ his mouth close to hers. Having been
“ about three minutes in this situation, he
“ started suddenly up, taking her by the
“ left hand, exclaiming: ‘ Amelia! Ame-
“ lia! Amelia! rise!’ No sooner had he
“ pronounced the last word, than the de-
“ ceased began to stir. We were stand-
“ ing around him almost petrified, when
“ he suddenly let loose her hand and went
“ out of the room. Turning round, I had
“ an opportunity of seeing his face, and
“ knew him without difficulty to be the
“ same person whom we once carried to
“ your Lordship, tied with cords, and
“ who afterwards disappeared in an ad-
“ joining apartment.

“ Our astonishment was raised to the
“ highest degree, when the Countess rose
“ up

“ up, looking alternately at myself and
 “ my fellow servants, and seeing herself
 “ in a coffin, exclaimed with terror: ‘ For
 “ heaven’s sake, where am I ?’

“ We were standing around her for
 “ some time, struck dumb with amaze-
 “ ment ; looking by turns at the Countess
 “ and at each other, none of us daring to
 “ come near her. Some time elapsed be-
 “ fore we could be persuaded by her pres-
 “ sing prayers, to assist her in getting out
 “ of the coffin.

“ The first thing she desired, was some-
 “ thing to eat and to drink, complaining
 “ of a dreadful hunger and thirst. Hav-
 “ ing satisfied her appetite, she desired us
 “ to relate to her how she had come in a
 “ coffin ? The history of her resuscitation
 “ filled her with wonder and astonishment.
 “ When we enquired how she did, she re-
 “ plied she found herself as if roused sud-
 “ denly from a profound sleep, and as well
 “ as ever.

“ That very night she enquired after
 “ your Lordship ; I could give her no
 “ other answer, but that you was departed

“for * * *, which threw her into profound
“meditation. She did not go to bed all
“night long.”

The rest of the letter contains nothing
worth notice. It is signed

FRANCIS PALESKI.

The intelligence which I received by
this letter, was an additional motive to
make me desirous of a meeting with the
Unknown. I searched him in every direc-
tion, many miles around the town; how-
ever all my diligence to find him out was
fruitless. One evening (it was late and
tempestuous) when I was going home, after
a long and fatiguing ramble, I perceived
a person in a white cloak, following me
every where. The place where I then
found myself was lonely and very suspi-
cious, which made me quicken my pace.
However before I was aware of it, I was
seized by the shoulders from behind, and
somebody exclaimed in a terrible accent,
“Have I caught thee at last?” I disen-
gaged myself, and hardly could gain time
to draw my sword; however, it dropped
out

out of my hand as soon as I saw the face of my antagonist. I fancied I saw the deceased husband of Amelia, and was seized with horror.

The resemblance was striking to the highest degree. My terror did not allow me for some time to observe, that my pursuer was not less surprised at my countenance than I was at his. However, he recovered first from his astonishment and begged my pardon, in a manner which dispelled at once my apprehensions. "I have mistaken you for another person," he added, "and if you knew how much you resemble in size, dress, and every thing, a man who has done me the greatest injury, you would readily forgive me my mistake."

"And if *you* did know" I replied, "what a striking resemblance you have to a deceased acquaintance of mine, you will easily be able to account for the terror in which your appearance has thrown me."

"May I crave the name of your acquaintance?"

H 5

"O yes!

“ O yes ! Count de Barbis.”

“ Count de Barbis ! Impossible ! I am
“ that very person !”

I staggered back !

“ But perhaps you may have known
“ my deceased brother ?” he added, after
a long pause of astonishment.

“ Not personally,” I replied, after I
had recollected myself a little, “ how-
“ ever, I have seen his portrait, and the
“ Countess Amelia has told me so much
“ to his praise, that I think myself very
“ happy for having met unexpectedly
“ so near a relation of that worthy man.”

“ How ! do you know my sister-in-
“ law ?”

“ Yes, I have had the honour of paying
“ her a visit at her castle.”

Having stared at me for some time, he
embraced me joyfully, pronouncing him-
self happy for having been made ac-
quainted with me, lamenting at the same
time, that our acquaintance had been
made in a manner so very disagreeable
and alarming.

He went home with me, and told me on
the road, that he had mistaken me for
a cer-

a certain Baron who had robbed him of the heart of his mistress, and after having debauched her, had suddenly disappeared and forsaken the poor misguided girl. "How much reason have I" he added, "to praise heaven for having opened my eyes in time; for I certainly would have pierced you to the heart, if I had not perceived my mistake."

At the door of my house he took leave of me, after I had promised to pay him a visit the next day.

This incident had surprised me in such a manner, that I could not help relating it instantly to my tutor, as soon as I entered his apartment. He fancied the whole matter was very suspicious, and cautioned me to be on my guard.

When I went to the Count's hotel the following morning, he had been obliged to go out, but left a note for me, by which I was desired to wait a few moments. I was shewn into an apartment where I experienced a most agreeable surprise as soon as I had entered it. Amelia's picture, which hung in the room, was

the first object which assailed my gazing looks. It seemed to smile at me, and was executed with admirable taste, and astonishing truth. She was painted in a loose night-gown, and the most beautiful bosom which ever my eyes beheld, was half uncovered. Her auburn hair floated down her shoulders in natural tresses, and one part of it encircled her lily-white arm; the spirit of heavenly love was diffused over her face, and her sparkling eyes displayed a pure celestial fire which rekindled every tender feeling of former times of bliss. My eyes were feasting in a voluptuous trance on her beautiful form, and discovered charms which had been concealed from my eyes, when viewing in a kind of ecstasy the lovely original. I was so transported by this charming sight, that I could not refrain from imprinting a burning kiss on the picture. But at the same time, I recollected the promise, never to bow at the shrine of love, which I had made to the *Unknown*; I staggered back, seized with terror, and alas! felt, for the first time, that

that I had promised more than I should be able to keep. When I renounced love for ever, I fancied Amelia to be dead ; but now I knew that she was alive, and her picture had reproduced in my imagination the sweet recollection of all the happiness past which I had enjoyed by her side, and made me anticipate greater pleasures to come. Heavens! what a dreadful struggle. “No, it is impossible!” I exclaimed at length.

“What is impossible?” The Count enquired smiling, having entered the apartment while I was occupied with viewing the picture, without being perceived by me. I could not hide my confusion. “It is not possible,” said I, at length, after I had recovered as much as possible from my perplexity, “it is not possible to take a likeness in a more striking manner.” He seemed satisfied with this answer.

The picture introduced a discourse on the original, and the Count pretended not to have received the least tidings from his sister for six months, and even did not know the present place of her abode. He esteemed

esteemed himself happy in having met a person who could give him a satisfactory account of his sister-in-law, and I communicated to him what I knew of her situation, and the strange adventure at the castle. He was very much surprised when I told him that the lady had disclosed to me a part of her history, and that she would have communicated to me the rest, if a letter from my father had not obliged me to depart suddenly from the castle. I requested him to let me know the rest, and hearing that I knew already so much of it, he hesitated not a moment to satisfy my curiosity.

“The Countess” said he, “was interrupted in her narrative, when she was going to speak of that period of her life, when she got acquainted with my brother. She saw him the first time in the house of an aunt at a masquerade. Amelia being very fond, and a good connoisseur of dancing, my brother soon attracted her notice, as he was one of the best dancers in the room; and you know, it is a powerful recommendation with a
young

young girl, if one possesses an eminent skill in that seducing art. My brother, who had been charmed with Amelia at first sight, improved the propitious opportunity, and before the masquerade was finished, had contracted an intimate connexion with his charmer; which, however, was carefully concealed from her aunt. He kept up a correspondence with the house of her relation, and in a short time was so happy as to convince the Countess of the sincerity of his love. Her aunt, not suspecting their growing attachment, gave him frequent invitations, and the love of my brother increased every day.

“ Their happiness was uninterrupted, till Charles, Amelia’s brother, paid his sister a visit. My brother suffered himself to be deceived by the fair appearance of the artful villain, and was so imprudent as to make him acquainted with the state of his heart. Charles pretended to be extremely pleased with my brother’s passion for his sister, vowed eternal secrecy, and went instantly to betray him to his aunt, who, however, was too prudent to reproach her niece on
account

account of her love, blaming her only for having concealed her attachment from a relation who took a sincere interest in her happiness. The two lovers were consequently considerable gainers by the treachery of the perfidious confidant, and at once released from the fetters of dissimulation. However, their happiness was of short duration. A certain Greek, a beautiful man, of about thirty years, who on account of the splendor of his manner of living, and his immense wealth, had attracted the notice of the whole town, saw my sister-in-law, and was fettered by her uncommon charms. He endeavoured to get acquainted with Charles, and soon succeeded, disclosed his passion to him, and gained him over to his party by frequent presents of great value. Charles introduced him to his aunt, and after a few visits he began to disclose his sentiments, but Amelia pretended not to understand him. Every one pronounced her happy on account of her conquest, however, she kept firm to her first attachment. The Greek offered princely presents;

presents ; they were rejected. The indifference with which she treated her new lover, almost deprived him of his reason. It is very probable that Charles acquainted him with the cause of his cool reception ; for one day, he invited my brother to a sumptuous dinner, and after the cloth was removed, led him into a closet, offering a million of livres if he would renounce Amelia to him. My brother was highly offended, and answered his rival as he deserved. The latter threw himself down at his knees, weeping, and conjuring my brother, who remained inexorable. The Greek, seeing his rival could not be persuaded to renounce Amelia, started up with furious rage, and uttered terrible threats ; but neither prayers nor menaces could move my brother in his favour.

“ When the Greek saw at length that all his labour was lost, he begged the Count not to mention that incident to Amelia, and having received a promise to that purport, left him to himself. My brother stayed not a minute longer in the
house

house of his competitor, and went home, but from that day, all his steps were watched by hired assassins, whom he escaped several times with the greatest risk of his life.

“ The aunt resolved to leave the town for some months, and to go to a country seat about five leagues distant, in order to get rid of the frequent importunate visits of the Greek, which began to be very troublesome to Amelia. The day on which they intended to depart was fixed, and the preparations were made so secretly, and with so much precaution, that it was almost impossible the Greek should get the least knowledge of their departure, which was concealed from every body except Charles, who got leave to visit the ladies sometimes.

“ The day which was fixed for their departure arrived, and the aunt, Amelia, and her brother, accompanied by one servant, left the town with the first dawn of day, the rest of the servants having been sent to the villa the preceding day. Having rode two leagues they entered a wood, in
the

the middle of which seven masked men rushed out of a thicket, stopped the horses, and knocked the coachman down. This done, they opened the coach, forced Amelia out of the arms of her aunt, and hastened away with their trembling prize.

“ The coachman and the servant were roused from their swoon by the screams of the aunt, but the robbers were already vanished with their booty ; nevertheless she insisted upon their pursuing the virgin kidnappers. Nothing but Charles’s repeated remonstrances that six unarmed hands would be of little use against seven ruffians provided with arms, could persuade her to return to town, and to implore the assistance of the officers of police.

“ One circumstance threw a light upon the whole matter. The Greek had disappeared, and it was not difficult to guess in whose power Amelia was. The officers of the police were dispatched instantly, and the result of their pursuit was expected between hope and fear.

“ When my brother heard the dreadful news he raved like a madman, got upon his

his horse, and rode away with the swiftness of the tempest. All our remonstrances availed nothing. "I will find her," he exclaimed, "even if she should be concealed in the bowels of the earth."

"Six weeks were now elapsed, and we had heard not a syllable of him nor of Amelia. Anxious bodings crowded upon my mind, and I began to entertain dreadful apprehensions. At length I received a letter at the end of the seventh week.—I have got it in my writing desk, and if you will give me leave, I will read it to you."

The Count fetched the letter, and was so kind as to give me leave to take a copy of it, which I shall insert here word for word.

"O my brother! I was never more convinced that innocence and virtue have their guardian angels, than I am now.—Amelia would have been lost for ever, if the immediate intercession of Heaven had not saved her precious life. Read, and then judge whether I am an enthusiast.

After

‘ After I had taken leave of you, I rode away with the velocity of lightning, hurried on by a presentiment which told me “thou shalt find Amelia!” This secret foreboding made me disregard every fatigue and danger. On the fourth day after my departure, I was so happy as to trace out the course which the robbers had taken : I pursued them like a madman, firmly determined to rescue Amelia from their fangs at the peril of my life. On the sixth day I lost every trace, rode eight days more at random from one place to the other, and at length arrived at ***, entirely spent with fatigue, and destitute of every hope.

‘ The great fatigue which I had undergone, and the distracted state of my mind, confined me above twelve days to my bed, and the loss of so much time deprived me of all hope ever to trace out again my dear Amelia. I was almost weary of life, and many black and tormenting thoughts haunted me constantly.

‘ On the day of All Souls I happened to pass a church-yard during the after-
noon

noon service, and was tempted by the great multitude flocking to the church, to enter it. I sat down in a corner, wrapped myself in my cloak, and abandoned myself to the wild flights of my disordered fancy. A dreadful howling roused me from my meditations ; it was the sermon. The pater who delivered it possessed the art of preaching his auditors into a profound sleep, and I soon experienced the somniferous power of his voice. When I awoke I saw neither preacher nor hearers. The church was empty, and an awful stillness reigned around. After many fruitless attempts, I succeeded at length in forcing the lock of the church door.—Millions of twinkling stars decorated the firmament ; the moon illuminated the church-yard with a pale light, and here and there the faint light of a lamp gleamed upon the graves, while the wind rustled in the dry leaves of the trees. The whole exhibited a grand and awful sight, which thrilled my frame with a cold tremor.—When I came to the gate I found it locked, and exerted my strength in vain
with

with fruitless attempts at forcing the massy lock. I must confess, brother, that the idea of spending a night in a church-yard chilled me to the very marrow of my bones. I exclaimed—"Nobody here?" An hollow echo repeated—"here!" It seemed as if the dead had answered from their graves. No human being stirred, and I saw myself necessitated to remain where I was. Filled with horror I staggered over graves and skulls, and seated myself upon a tomb-stone. There I was resting alone in the ghastly company of the dead. The profound universal silence that reigned around me was now and then interrupted by the chiming of the bells from the church steeple. O! my brother, it was no unmanly fear which quickened the pulses of my heart; but it was an undescribable awful sensation, of being the only living being amid a heap of rotting and decayed carcases. I fancied frequently I heard a soft rustling, or saw a pale figure hovering towards me; however it was nothing but the rustling of the wind betwixt the dry leaves of the trees,

trees, and the pale light of the moon reflecting from the white tomb-stones. At length midnight was setting in; the lamps upon the graves were extinguish'd by degrees; dark clouds veiled the wan face of the moon; the air began to grow damp and chilling, and the smell of corruption arose sensibly. Anxious bodings trembled through my soul, and I wrapped my cloak closer around my body.

‘The clock struck twelve, and the sound of the last stroke was yet vibrating in my ear, when the folding gate of the churchyard rushed open, and was shut again with a tremendous noise. I started up, and concealed myself behind a tomb-stone. Hollow foot-steps and groans of a dying person assailed my ears. The moon peeped through the clouds, and I saw three persons coming towards the place where I was concealed. I unsheathed my sword, and awaited their arrival. When they came nearer, I perceived two fellows who were dragging a veiled lady over the graves, and stopped about nine paces distant from me. The lady dropped to the ground, as
it

it seemed in a swoon, when they unhand-
ed her.

“ Let us make haste brother, and dis-
patch her !” one of the ruffians exclaim-
ed. “ We will not make it long !” his as-
sociate replied, “ it would be wrong to
“ torment the poor thing much.” At the
same time he took hold of a spade, which
he had brought with him, and began to
dig up the earth. I was rivetted to the
ground, seized with horror and astonish-
ment. While one of them was digging a
grave, the other took a large knife out of
his pocket.

“ O ! God ! So am I then doomed to
“ destruction ? O have mercy upon me,
“ and spare my life !” exclaimed the veil-
ed lady. The first syllable she pro-
nounced, told me it was Amelia.

“ You must die !” replied the man
with the knife. Amelia removed the veil,
exclaiming in a trembling accent : “ If I
must inevitably die, then let me pray first,
that I may not leave this world unpre-
pared.”

‘ The sight of her beautiful face,
Vol. I. I moved

moved the heart of the barbarians, and her prayer was granted.

‘ Having prayed for a few minutes, she began to weep bitterly.

‘ “ Amelia! thy prayer is granted!” I exclaimed, rushing at the same time from my hiding place. The two assassins must have fancied me to be a spectre, for they stood motionless and pale with terror.

‘ I buried my sword in their villainous hearts before they could recover from their fright; then I tore the keys out of the hand of one of the ruffians, threw both of them into the grave which had been dug, and covered them with earth. This done, I took Amelia under my arm, who seemed to doubt whether she saw me really, or a spectre, and hastened with her from that place of horror to my inn. I ordered post horses, and after I had unfolded to her the mystery in a few words, hurried her into the coach. On the road she related to me, that the Greek who had carried her off had tried every means to gain her love, but that she had treated with scorn all his endeavours to overcome her disgust

disgust to his person, and thus had roused his anger and resentment in such a manner that he had vowed to sacrifice her to his fury. "If I cannot enjoy thee," the savage exclaimed, "then nobody else shall." "The rest (she added) you know."

"I am now with Amelia, on the road to her mother, of whom I shall desire her in marriage. Do me the favour to deliver the enclosed letter to her aunt; it is from Amelia, and contains a full account of her sufferings, along with the reasons which prevent her from returning to her. Farewell! you shall soon hear again from me!"

The Count had scarcely done reading the letter when company was announced. A game at Faro was proposed, I suffered myself to be persuaded to be of the party, and lost almost all my money. On my return to our inn, I met the *Unknown*, who seemed to have been sent by heaven to my relief. I was going to relate to him my disagreeable situation; however he did not suffer me to go on, telling me, "I know what you want, come to-morrow

night to the well known spot by the side of the river, and your difficulties shall be removed." So saying, he left me.

My joy at this happy meeting was unbounded, and I repaired to the appointed place at eight o'clock the following night; however I waited till eleven o'clock before the *Unknown* joined me. I was just considering whether I should go or wait a little longer for him, when he showed himself at a distance, like an apparition. He beckoned to me, and I followed him. He led me on unbeaten paths, along a hill which we at length ascended. Upon the top of it a ruinous building presented itself to my eyes; here my guide, who as yet had not uttered a syllable, stopped and said; "In the womb of this
"hill, an immense treasure is concealed.
"I read in the book of fate, that you are
"not the person who is destined to re-
"move it, however it is in my power to
"let you have as much of it as you want.
"Are you resolved to descend into the
"deep and to try your fortune?"

"I am!"

The

The *Unknown* gave me a dark lantern, and an ebony wand, adding, “take this wand, it will be your protector in dangers. Whatever you may meet on your way, touch it with your wand, and no harm will befall you. You will see many things which will attract your curiosity, but do not stop, nor examine them. Pursue your way quickly, and you will come into a spacious hall, where you will find a sleeping virgin, whom you must touch with the wand, and then you may take the diamond pin, which is in her hair. When you have taken possession of that jewel, you may return; I shall expect you here.” So saying, he led me into the ruinous building, opened a trap-door, and I began to descend. The noise with which the trap-door was shut, thrilled my heart; I fancied I descended into my grave. Having reached the seventh step, I stopped and deliberated whether I should proceed farther. It was not want of courage that made me hesitate, for I think I have proved more than once, that I am no coward; however, it seemed as if some invisible power kept me

forcibly back. I looked into the abyss, from which a cloud of dust and mould seemed rising up, and an undescribable dreadful anxiety straitened my breast. I struggled for some time with myself, not knowing what I should do, but soon roused my drooping spirits by the reflexion, how disgraceful it would be to me if I should return to the *Unknown*, without having executed my design, and was going to proceed; however, the anxiety which seized me with additional force, made me soon step back. I do not know what I should have determined upon at last, if a strange incident had not put a stop to my deliberation.

Having spent about eight minutes in that dreadful situation, I heard suddenly the report of a gun from without, and at the same time a confused noise of well-known voices vibrated in my ear. I recovered at once my full recollection, which had been partly suspended by an irresistible charm, and re-ascended hastily the steps. Having pushed open the trap-door, heavens! what a scene did then my eyes

eyes behold! I fancied I saw some magic delusion. The first object which my eyes met, was Count Barbis and my tutor, who ran to clasp me in their arms as soon as I appeared. However, my first astonishment soon gave room to a second and greater one. Four constables had taken hold of the *Unknown*, and were going to tie his hands and feet. He seemed entirely unconcerned, and suffered himself to be fettered with the noble scorn of a lion, who is bound with cords. At length he turned towards me: "Ascribe it," said he, "to your irresolution, that you have not got what you wanted." "Away with him!" the Count exclaimed in a thundering accent—"lead the impostor to the dungeon!" The *Unknown* darted a look of annihilation at the Count, without vouchsafing to return an answer. When he was going to be led away by the constables, he addressed me once more. "Farewell! my Lord," said he, "at * * * n, I shall see you again." The place which he had named, was above three hundred leagues distant.

“ This time,” the Count called out after him, “ thy prophecy may prove false, for the hand of the hangman will quickly stop thee for ever in thy diabolical career.”

I was riveted to the ground, and every power of reflection seemed suspended. My tutor took me by the hand and entreated me to follow him. “ Come !” said he, “ and thank this worthy man for his having delivered you from the fangs of an infernal impostor.”

“ An *impostor* ?” I replied, still seized with wonder and astonishment.

“ Yes, an impostor” the Count said, “ I will give you convincing proofs of it.”

“ Impossible !”

“ Certainly,” he resumed, “ if you believe it impossible, then it will be difficult to convince you of the reality of my assertion.”

“ By heaven it will !”

The Count stared at me with rising indignation, and then turned to my tutor, “ how much are we to be pitied that we, by our premature intercession—”

I in-

I interrupted him with swelling anger :
“ Count, I know what you are going to
“ say ; but I beg you will not take too
“ much liberty with me ; if the man
“ proves an impostor, I certainly shall be
“ very thankful to you ; but till then, you
“ will have the goodness to bear with my
“ incredulity.”

“ By God this is too much !” my tutor
exclaimed, “ what foolish delusion has
“ fettered your heart to this villain ?”

“ Delusion !—do you not owe your life
“ to this very villain ? or was the poniard
“ which was pointed at your heart, and
“ guarded off by that villain also, a mere
“ delusion ?”

“ *One* good action is no proof of honesty
“ and virtue ; and, besides one can save
“ the life of a person with a very villain-
“ ous view.”

“ Or was it also a foolish delusion that
“ when I lately plunged into the river,
“ this very villain saved my life, which
“ then could be preserved only by a kind
“ of miracle ?”

“ How !” my tutor exclaimed, with asto-
nishment,

“ nishment, your life has been in danger,
“ and you have concealed it from me ?”

“ Why should I have acquainted you
“ with an incident, the relation of which
“ would have terrified you, and covered
“ me with blushes, without answering any
“ purpose ? But now, as the honour of my
“ unknown benefactor is at stake, I can-
“ not keep it secret any longer.”

“ You fell into the river ? Merciful
“ God !”

“ Through—carelessness. I was walk-
“ ing one evening, by myself, close by the
“ side of the river :—Being immersed in
“ profound thought, I did not observe
“ that I was walking on the outermost ex-
“ tremity of the bank, the ground beneath
“ my feet suddenly gave way—”

“ Merciful God ! and you fell down ?”

“ I fell in the water. The current hur-
“ ried me along ; I endeavoured to save
“ my life by swimming, but entangled
“ myself in my cloak, and went to the
“ bottom.”

“ You went to the bottom ?”

“ I had

“ I had already lost all power of recollection, and when I recovered the use of my senses I found myself in the arms of —the villain whom you have sent to prison.”

“ Come, Count,” my tutor exclaimed, “ for God’s sake come !”

“ Whither.”

“ How can you ask ? to save a man to whom we owe two lives.”

“ But you don’t consider, that this action is not sufficient to prove his innocence ; and that he, nevertheless, may be an impostor.”

“ Here is nothing to consider, except that he has acted in a noble manner, with respect to myself and my pupil, and consequently has a just claim to our gratitude.”

“ Acted in a noble manner ?—Even two good actions are no proofs of honesty and virtue, and besides, one may save the lives of two persons for a very villainous purpose.”

“ Then you will not go with us,” I exclaimed with warmth, “ Come !” taking my tutor by the arm, “ don’t let us waste

“ so much time with useless talk ; the life
“ of our benefactor is at stake.”

“ Well, go, if you have a mind to have
“ a useless walk,” the Count resumed.
“ Do you think justice will be so partial
“ in this country as to pardon a criminal
“ because he has been serviceable to
“ you ?”

“ You are right,” my tutor replied, after some reflection. “ This time my old
“ head has been misguided again by my
“ heart.”

We were now arrived at the hotel of the Count. He took leave very cordially of my tutor, but very coldly of me. This, and his having thwarted my plan of making an attempt to save the *Unknown*, vexed me very much, and I was determined to be revenged.

My tutor very probably expected my curiosity would tempt me to enquire after the particulars of the whole incident, however, he was disappointed. I was vexed, indisposed, anxious about the fate of the *Unknown*, and consequently would easily bridle my curiosity. My tutor
who

who seemed desirous to rouse it, in order to justify his behaviour towards the *Unknown* and the Count, endeavoured to unseal my lips by repeated reproaches on account of my carelessness, my reservedness, &c. &c. however I returned very short and dry answers, wished him a good night and went to bed.

I slept very uneasy, my sleep being interrupted by horrid dreams. I got up early; an unaccountable restlessness drove me out of the house, and I rode to the Count. He was just going out, and surprised at my early visit.

“ Can you spare me a few minutes, Count ? ”

“ As many as you wish; in what can I serve you ? ”

“ You have calumniated yesterday, a man who is dear to me. ”

“ I have, if speaking truth can be called calumniating. ”

“ You have called him an impostor. ”

“ I did ; and I am ready to maintain my assertion. ”

“ With the sword too ? ”

“ Cer-

“Certainly!”

“Then be so kind as to take a ride
“with me into the fields.”

“Why take so much pains? can we
“not decide the matter here?”

We unsheathed our swords.

“Stop only one moment,” the Count
exclaimed, “will you not hear first my jus-
“tification? perhaps you may change
“your mind.”

“A *perhaps* has no weight with me, if
“the honour of a friend is at stake! Let
“us come to the point!”

I must remark here, that in my native town I was known to possess the greatest skill in fencing, and feared by every one on that account. I had indeed attained a very high degree of perfection in that art, partly through my natural agility and flexibility of body, and partly through frequent exercise, the consciousness of which made me boldly face every danger, and prompted me now also to meet the Count with the greatest intrepidity.

The fight began, and I observed from the first onset that my antagonist was no
common

common fencer. But soon I experienced more than that, being disarmed after the first six turns.

The Count wanted to shake hands with me. "One turn more!" I exclaimed, taking up my rapier. He stepped back with uncommon coolness, and waited my attack. But no feint nor surprising turn succeeded. Profoundly skilled in every art of fencing, he parried with uncommon ease and dexterity every onset, though planned ever so subtle. This fired my ambition to the highest degree; the burning desire to satiate my thirst for revenge, and to conquer such a master in fencing, made me exert all my strength. Vain endeavour! I could as easily have wounded the incorporeal air, as I was able to strike a blow at my antagonist.

"You see," the Count said smiling, "that my blade possesses a magic charm which repulses irresistibly the point of your sword. Let us make up the matter."

I took these words for raillery, exclaiming in an accent of frantic fury—"One
" turn

“ turn more, perhaps I may dispel the
“ charm!” I fought now with additional
rage, because my pride was nettled.—
Seeing that all my efforts of wounding the
Count proved abortive, my rage increas-
ed, and I risked several desperate at-
tempts. “ Take care,” the Count ex-
claimed, “ you are off your guard.” This
remark, and his uncommon coolness, (for
he acted only on the defensive) rendered me
almost mad. “ I or you !” I exclaimed.
“ Neither you nor I !” was his reply. He
pronounced these words with so much
self-confidence, that I could not doubt his
being certain of his superior skill. I had,
as yet, endeavoured in vain to strike an
indifferent blow, but now my sword was
pointed at his heart. The Count perceiv-
ed my aim, but still behaved with the
same coolness and forbearance. At length
my ardour abated, my strength and art
were exhausted, and the Count was still
unhurt. “ No !” I now exclaimed, throw-
ing my weapon to the ground, “ I will
“ not fight against you any longer. Here
“ is my hand, Count, I am reconciled.”

He

He embraced me with the warmest cordiality. "I have fought many duels, I added, "but I have never met with such "an antagonist. I must confess you are "my master."

"And I am proud," was his reply, "of having regained by my sword, a friend whom I had lost by an action to which the sincerest affection, had prompted me."

"Let me hear the particulars of that strange incident; I am desirous to know your charges against the *Unknown*, and still more so to hear how you happened to deliver me from his power."

"Is it possible your tutor should not have told it you already?"

"He wanted to do it yesterday, but I would not listen to him."

"Now I conceive—

"How could I challenge you? I must confess I did wrong that I would not listen to your justification, and I hope you will excuse and forgive it. Let me now hear what you have to say."

"The day before you visited me the last time, your tutor came to my house,
pre-

pretending you had said so much to my praise that he could no longer resist the desire of being better acquainted with me. The first reciprocal compliments being over, we happened to discourse of you. Your tutor asked me when you had been with me the last time? I named the day; he shook his head, and turned the discourse upon another subject. I soon became sensible that my new acquaintance was a man of an excellent understanding, and a most amiable disposition of heart; and observed with sweet pleasure that I seemed not to be indifferent to him. Our discourse soon became more animated, warm and unreserved, and you happened again to become the object of our conversation. ‘ I cannot conceal any longer from you
‘ (your tutor said) that this young man is
‘ extremely dear to me, that I love him
‘ almost better than myself. He is grown
‘ up under my hands, I have unfolded
‘ his understanding, and chiefly through
‘ my care and attention to his improvement, (I can say, without flattering myself) he became what he is—an excellent
‘ lent

‘lent promising young man, of whom I
 ‘have reason to be proud. What a hap-
 ‘py prospect does he afford his country,
 ‘which will reap one time the fruits of
 ‘the blossom which my eye beholds at
 ‘present with silent satisfaction.’

“In this strain he continued to speak
 a good while.—But you pay no attention
 to what I am saying!”

“I am all attention, be so kind as to
 go on!”

‘However those endowments of mind,’
 your tutor continued, ‘which I saw bud
 ‘with so much pleasure, and improved
 ‘and nursed with so much care: his
 ‘burning thirst for knowledge, his fond-
 ‘ness for whatever is singular and un-
 ‘common, his sensible heart and glowing
 ‘fancy—these excellent qualities begin
 ‘now to take a turn which has caused me
 ‘many gloomy days, and many nights of
 ‘silent sorrow.”

‘All this has my tutor told you?”

“Let me proceed!” ‘If you will pro-
 ‘mise me to keep it to yourself,’ he con-
 ‘tinued, ‘I will disclose to you an inci-
 ‘dent

‘dent which will enable you to judge of
‘the dangerous turn the mind of this
‘young man has taken.’

“ Having promised upon my honour
to be discreet, he related to me your ad-
ventures with the *Unknown*. When he
had finished his relation, he looked at me
for some time, gloomy and silently ; then
he took me by the hand and said, ‘Count,
‘I have communicated to you all that I
‘know of the matter ; however, I fear I
‘do not know all ; a silent apprehension
‘tells me that he continues his connec-
‘tion with that dangerous man without
‘my knowledge. He who never con-
‘cealed any thing from me, who has
‘laid open to me the most hidden re-
‘cesses of his soul, is grown at once close
‘and reserved. I fear, I fear he is still
‘connected with the *Unknown*, and meets
‘him at night, for he always comes home
‘very late.’

“ Indeed ! did he tell you so ? ”

“ Yes, your tutor told me so, and
conjured me with tears, if I should make
a discovery to that point, to communicate
it

it to him without delay. An accident enabled me sooner than I had expected to return his confidence in me."

"Indeed. I am curious to know what accident this was!"

"A member of the government of this town, Mr. Alvarez, whom you saw the day before yesterday at my house, and who left it before you, saw, when stepping out of the door, a man wrapt in a purple cloak hovering around the house, as if he had some sinister design. My friend, who thought it very suspicious, pretended not to have noticed him, and went about sixty steps farther, concealing himself in a place where the light of the moon enabled him to observe the suspicious lurker, without being seen by him. Soon after you left the house too, and the man in the purple cloak followed you. My friend, seeing you enter into a conversation with him, concluded he was an acquaintance of yours who had waited for you, and was going to pursue his way, but you were then so close by the place where he was concealed that he could not leave it with propriety.

propriety. "I know every thing," said your companion, who thought himself unobserved and had opened his cloak, "come to-morrow evening to the well known spot by the side of the river, and you shall find assistance." These words, and the accent with which they were pronounced, struck my friend; he fancied he knew the voice, and examined his countenance as well as his situation permitted it. He recollected his features, only his long white beard made him hesitate a little at first. However, even that disguise could not conceal him long; he was soon convinced that this man was the same person whom he had known some years past in the East-Indies, and whose memory had been deeply engraven on his mind by a most remarkable incident. My friend, being spurred by what he had heard and seen, returned instantly to tell me into whose hands you had fallen. His intelligence filled me with fear and astonishment. We consulted on the spot how we could—

"The

“ The incident ! ” — I exclaimed — “ the incident ! or dare I not know it ? ”

“ The gratification of your curiosity shall be your punishment ! ” the Count resumed smiling, after a short pause : “ it will flatter your pride very little when you shall hear what a wretch the man is for whom you drew your sword a quarter of an hour ago . ”

“ I certainly shall fight you with pistols , ” I replied , “ if you don’t come soon to the point . ”

“ My friend embarked about twelve years ago for the East-Indies, forced by stress of fortune, in order to improve his situation. He had been recommended to one Finaldi, a banker of immense property. Being provided with letters of recommendation from the best houses, he was received in his counting-house without the least hesitation, and under very advantageous conditions. His great abilities and his uncommon diligence soon gained him the favour of Finaldi, and he had every reason to expect to make his fortune. A strange adventure raised his sanguine

sanguine expectations still higher. One evening when he was sitting in his room quite alone overlooking his accounts, a black slave entered his apartment, giving him a note. He opened it, and read the following words: "If thou canst return love for love and keep silence, then fix a place where the bearer may find thee at midnight. Follow him whithersoever he shall conduct thee, and fear nothing. A loving heart and a sweet reward are awaiting thee."

"My friend perused the note more than four times without knowing what to think of it. He endeavoured in vain to sift the black slave, who pretended to have been bound to secrecy by a dreadful oath. No promises nor presents were able to open his lips. My friend could extort nothing but the promise that no harm should befall him. The reserved slave went away, and met him at midnight on the appointed spot.

"My friend followed him not without apprehension. "Slave," said he, "whither art thou conducting me?" The
slave

slave remained silent, putting his hand upon his lips. "Tell me, whither art thou conducting me?" The black beckoned to follow him silently. My friend followed with anxious expectation.

"A high wall stopped their course. Ascend the ladder!" the slave said. My friend climbed up the ladder, and descended into a garden of great extent and splendor. "Take a turn in this palm grove till I come back." So saying, he left my friend. After a quarter of an hour he returned and bade my friend follow him. They entered a small gate, and arrived at last, over a narrow and dark stair-case, in a passage which was lighted by a few lamps; there the black stopped, beating the floor twice with his foot. A door was thrown open, and a sweet aromatic odor evaporated from a dark apartment. The slave pushed my friend in the room, and shut the door upon him. My friend groped in the dark; a small soft hand took hold of his, and a harmonious female voice whispered in his ear, "Come, and fear nothing." His

invisible conductress led him softly along; and suddenly a silken curtain was drawn open; a splendid apartment illuminated with numberless torches, and a velvet couch upon which a heavenly female figure was reposing, presented themselves to the gazing looks of my astonished friend. "Come nearer, charming European," lisped the crimsoning fair one, "but take care not to trespass the laws of modesty; for at the first signal my people will rush into the room and kill thee." Then the beautiful Indian told him, that she had seen him accidentally, had fallen in love with him at first sight, and was determined to be married to him. "It is true," added she, "my mother hates you Europeans, and this has obliged me to meet thee at night; however, I do not despair of persuading her to give her consent to our union, for she doats upon me. I only want to know whether thou canst return love for love, and wilt become my Lord. I am very rich and handsome too, as thou seest; if thou wilt promise to marry me, thou shalt have leave to see me every night."

Here

Here I started up from my chair, exclaiming, "Count, do you keep your word thus? You have promised to relate to me the adventure with the *Unknown*, and you give me the romance of your friend, with all the particulars."

"I shall soon have done!" resumed the Count, who seemed to be determined to be revenged on my patience for my challenge.

"I need not tell you," thus he resumed, "that my friend accepted with rapture the offer of the beautiful Indian, and that the damsel exerted every power of persuasion to get the consent of her mother, her father being dead some years. Fortune seemed indeed to favour the two lovers. The greatest obstacles were already removed, the mother began to listen with patience to the arguments of her daughter, and the latter surrendered without reserve, to the tenderness of her presumed husband, when an unexpected clap of thunder destroyed every hope of future happiness; and a dreadful blow ruined my friend for ever. A rich *Irishman*,

who was gone to the East-Indies half a year before my friend went, and lived in a splendid manner, sent one morning a servant to the banker, with the intelligence that he was going on board of a ship to undertake a long journey, desiring, at the same time, Mr. Finaldi to remit him without delay the sum which he had entrusted to his care. The banker was certain that he never had received money from the *Irishman*, and told his servant to inform his master he was very much mistaken, for he never had received a farthing from him, much less the sum of 15000*l.* and consequently could remit him no money. No sooner was the servant gone, when my friend was sent to the justice of peace in order to inform against the *Irishman* as a swindler, but how great was his astonishment when the supposed cheat entered the office, telling the justice that he had sent to Mr. Finaldi, soon after his arrival in the East-Indies, 15000*l.* in piasters, and begged him to keep that sum till he should demand it back. The latter he had done to-day,
because

because he was going on a long voyage, but the banker denied having received any money, and as his departure could not be delayed, he desired to have a search warrant. He added at the same time, that if the banker should have removed his money, the officers of police would perhaps find the letter sealed with a seal, which he produced, and sent by him to Finaldi along with the money in question. So saying, he gave to the judge a copy of his letter, and a list of the different numbers with which the bags were marked, offering to wait meanwhile at the office, in order to be responsible for every thing, if neither money nor letter should be found, and then to prove his demand in a more convincing manner. The judge could not refuse granting the request; he went along with some officers of the police to the house of the banker, requesting him to deliver to him the money of the Irishman without delay, shewing him at the same time the copy of the letter, and enquiring whether he had not received the original? However, when

Finaldi protested he had never seen such a letter, he was informed that his house and writings would be searched. Finaldi submitted very cheerfully to it, and went himself with the judge into the first floor, opening the repository and the chests in which he kept his money and bills of exchange. The banker saw, with the greatest equanimity, the judge take a note out of his pocket, and compare with it the marked bags. The judge discovered very easily those which were marked with the numbers mentioned by the Irishman, and sealed with his own seal. The letter, a copy of which had been given to the judge by the Irishman, was lying open on one of the bags, and of course the demand of the claimant fully proved, and the money ordered to be carried away. Finaldi, hearing the judge order his money to be carried away, grew almost frantic and protested solemnly against his proceedings, but to no purpose. The judge shewed him the letter of the Irishman, and his seal on the bags. My friend saw the banker stagger back with a countenance

tenance as pale as ashes. After a long pause of horror, he swore at length by the living God, he knew not how the seal and the letter could have been put upon the bags, protesting again and again, that the money was his property. However, his pretended ignorance appeared to the judge an additional proof of the banker's crime, and he was obliged to suffer his money to be carried away, and delivered into the hands of the Irishman, who received it with the solemn declaration that he would return very soon and formally prosecute the banker for fraud, and set sail that very hour.

“And this Irishman?”—

“Pray let me finish my narration.—On the evening of that very day, a young man with whom my friend was very intimate, came in his room, with evident signs of the greatest consternation. “Make haste, make haste, my dear friend,” he exclaimed with a trembling voice, “and save thyself! Finaldi is in the greatest fury; he has been informed—God knows by what traitor—that you have been out

of the house last night, and returned some hours after midnight. He is firmly convinced that you must have been privy to the fraud of the Irishman, and betrayed him in the night. For heaven's sake, don't desist a moment! Make haste to save yourself by flight; every moment threatens to be fatal to you; you are beset by Finaldi's spies, all your steps are watched; disguise yourself, and flee as far as you can."

My friend being conscious of his innocence, was determined to stay. His nocturnal absence had been occasioned by the fair Indian, and not by Finaldi's money-bags, which his confidant knew very well. "But how will you prove your innocence?" the latter resumed, "Did not your mistress make you swear a solemn oath to be silent? Do you intend to expose the honor of the darling of your heart to public ridicule, and publish in a court of justice the nocturnal mysteries of love? And suppose—which I never can believe you could commit such a cruel treachery, do you think this would exculpate

pate you? Are not appearances entirely against you? No one except yourself and Finaldi keeps the keys to the apartments, repositories and chests which contain the money and the papers; consequently, nobody but yourself, or the person with whom you were connected, can have defrauded the banker." "O God!" exclaimed my friend with despair, "I am ruined! save me! whither shall I flee?" "In the arms of friendship!" his confidant replied. "Come! I will procure you a temporary asylum against the spies of Finaldi; with the first dawn of day, you must go on board a ship." He was as good as his word, concealing my friend, during the night, in his lodging, and conducting him in disguise on board of a vessel as soon as morning began to dawn. "Shall I flee without taking leave of my misrefs?" My friend asked groaning. "Will you on the brink of safety, plunge yourself in the gulf of destruction?" his confidant replied. The wind swelled the sails, and in a few minutes the ship was out of the harbour. My friend saw the East-Ind-

dies and his native country no more. He afterwards repented in vain his premature flight, by which he had strengthened the suspicion of his supposed crime; he looked in vain, with heavy groans, towards the place which contained his mistress, who, as he was informed afterwards, drowned herself out of despair. All his promising views, all his rosy hopes were ruined for ever. He was now wretched, unspeakably wretched—rendered so by one man.—Conceive his astonishment, when he found again this very man, the day before yesterday, in your *Unknown*.”

“Is it possible?”

“Yes! it is but too certain—And in such a wretch you have confided.”

“Should the Irishman really have been a cheat.”

“How can you doubt it?”

“I confess Count, on one side appearance is entirely against him; but on the other side appearance is not less against the fraud.”

“I cannot comprehend you.”

“I will

“ I will explain myself distinctly, and
 “ with brevity: If I suppose the Irishman
 “ to be an impostor, then the incident
 “ which you have been relating to me is
 “ more incomprehensible, than if I sup-
 “ pose him to be an honest man.”

“ For what reason?”

“ Be so kind to answer me first a few
 “ questions, and every thing will be clear-
 “ ed up.”

“ Well! what do you wish to know?”

“ Had the Irishman never been in the
 “ house of the banker?”

“ Never.”

“ Had no person besides your friend
 “ and Finaldi, been intrusted with the
 “ keys to the rooms, repositories, and
 “ chests?”

“ No person whatever.”

“ Had neither of them lost one of those
 “ keys?”

“ Certainly not. Nay, I will tell you
 “ more; on the day previous to that on
 “ which the Irishman claimed the money,
 “ my friend saw the bags without his
 “ seal.”

“ Has no door nor chest been found
“ forced, nor a lock damaged ; and have
“ no other marks of a violent entry been
“ detected?”

“ No, assuredly not !”

“ How could, therefore, the Irishman
“ have committed that fraud? You have
“ refuted your own assertion, Count! or
“ you must allow that the *Unknown* is pos-
“ sessed of supernatural skill—and then I
“ agree with you.”

“ He that is entrusted with supernatural
“ power,” the Count replied in a solemn
accent, “ will never misuse it for a vil-
“ laneous purpose.”

“ Then explain to me the whole inci-
“ dent in a natural manner, and I will
“ embrace you as the greatest philoso-
“ pher.”

“ I must confess that I find it impossi-
“ ble; but what does this prove? are jug-
“ gling tricks imposition in a lesser de-
“ gree because I cannot explain them; or
“ does the man who has robbed another
“ person of 15000l. cease being a villain,
“ because I cannot penetrate the web of
“ his fraud?”

My

My tutor who had joined us during this discourse, and signified by silent signs, his approbation of the Count's remarks, took now his part. "Don't you recollect," said he to me, "that the first attempt of the *Unknown* upon us, was nothing less than a theft? He had robbed us too, in an incomprehensible manner; but have we been less imposed upon on that account."

"I beg your pardon!" I replied. "This case is very different from the former, at least in one respect. In the former case, he is a downright cheat, if we suppose that he never restored the theft; or," said I to the Count, "has he ever returned the money to the banker?"

"My friend has been informed by letters which he lately received from the East Indies, that he neither is returned thither, nor has remitted the money."

"The cheat which he played upon us," I resumed, "proves nothing against his honesty!"

"Nothing? how can you maintain this?"

"The

“The event has proved it. He has
“returned every thing; he did therefore
“never design to appropriate our proper-
“ty to himself.”

“The latter conclusion, I think, is too
“premature. He has perhaps changed
“his plan.”

“Perhaps he may have returned the
“smaller sum,” my tutor said, “in or-
“der to hoodwink, and to cheat us of a
“greater sum.”

“By heaven! you judge too severely.”
I exclaimed.

“You have maintained just now,” the
Count resumed, “that if you were to
“suppose the Irishman to be an impostor,
“the incident with the banker would ap-
“pear more incomprehensible to you,
“than if you should suppose him to be an
“honest man. The former part of this
“assertion you have explained; will you
“be so kind to give us some light with
“respect to the latter point?”

“If I take the Irishman to be an honest
“man, then I seek the impostor in Final-
“di’s house, and the cheat becomes very
“comprehensible.”

“In

“ In Finaldi’s house ? how should this
 “ be possible ? Did I not tell you, that no
 “ person, except my friend and the
 “ banker, had the care of the keys to his
 “ money and papers. I can be bound
 “ for the honesty of my friend.”

“ For the banker’s honesty too ?”

“ No ; but I think there is no occasion
 “ for it.”

“ What can prevent me from believ-
 “ ing, that the banker really received the
 “ 15,000*l.* from the Irishman, and wanted
 “ to cheat him of that sum ?”

“ How can you give room to such a
 “ supposition, only for a single moment.
 “ Not to mention the readiness and un-
 “ concern which Finaldi displayed on the
 “ examination of his chests, you must con-
 “ sider that he could easily have removed
 “ the letter which bore witness against
 “ against him, if he had really received
 “ the money, and designed to defraud the
 “ Irishman of it. Then you will please
 “ to consider, that, according to the de-
 “ claration of my friend, the seal of the
 “ Irishman was not on the bags the day
 “ before

“ before the examination, and that the
“ banker certainly would not have im-
“ printed it the preceding night, in order
“ to betray himself the day following—”

My discourse with the Count was interrupted by his friend who came to see him. “ Anxiety for your safety,” said the magistrate to the former, “ and for yours, “ my Lord,” turning to Count Galvez, my tutor, “ has carried me hither. The Irish-
“ man whom I have imprisoned yesterday
“ does not know, as yet, who his informers
“ are, and although he never should re-
“ ceive intelligence of it, he will, never-
“ theless, suspect you to be the primary
“ cause of his imprisonment. Do not
“ flatter yourselves that you will be able
“ to escape the effects of his resentment,
“ if you stay here any longer. It is yet
“ in your power to save yourselves, be-
“ cause his myrmidons are at present ig-
“ norant of the matter. But you will not
“ if they receive intelligence of the affair.
“ Do not think that my anxiety for
“ your safety exaggerates the danger
“ against which I have cautioned you.

“ You do not know that dreadful man,
 “ nor his incredible power. Only a
 “ speedy departure and the most secret
 “ incognito on the road can save you.”

We thanked the magistrate for his attention and, deliberated instantly on our situation. We determined to prepare with the utmost secrecy for our departure, and to leave the town against midnight, taking an affectionate leave of the friendly magistrate after we had made him promise to send us frequent and exact accounts of the conduct of the Irishman, and the progress and issue of his trial.

The Count begged leave to accompany us, alledging, that he had settled his business at * * * *, and consequently was at liberty to follow us every where. I and my tutor, who had a particular regard for the Count, were very agreeably surprised by his offer, and accepted it with great pleasure. We left the town as soon as it grew dark, and at six o'clock the next morning, were sixty miles distant from the place of danger.

The Count did not think it adviseable to stop, and as we stayed no where longer than

than two days at most, we were soon 534 miles distant.

On the road I received a complete account of the particulars of my delivery from the power of the Irishman. The Count having communicated to my tutor the intelligence which he had received from the magistrate, a plan of taking up the Irishman was instantly designed and executed.

My servant had received orders not to lose sight of me all the evening, and to follow me every where at a proper distance. When I came to the bank of the river, and began to walk up and down as if expecting somebody, he concluded that this was the place of rendezvous, and informed my tutor of it. My tutor communicated his intelligence to the Count, and the Count to the magistrate. The latter ordered some officers of the police to attend him, and followed my servant to the place where I expected the *Unknown*. All my steps were watched at a distance ; which could be done so much easier, as I had not the least suspicion of being surrounded by spies.

The *Unknown* appeared, and the whole train followed us at a great distance, only the magistrate went home again, thinking his presence superfluous. My servant carried a lanthorn under his cloak in order to light the torches which the officers of the police were provided with, as soon as the signal should be made in order to prevent the Irishman from making his escape in the dark. The Count and my tutor were the first who had ascended the hill after us, and as soon as I had entered the ruinous building, they beset the entrance in order to seize the Irishman when he should return. Their plan succeeded; the Count gave the signal with a pistol, the police officers rushed forth from their ambush and seized the Irishman. This was the natural course of an incident, which at first surprised me like a magical delusion.

Six hundred miles separated us now from the dreaded *Unknown*. We therefore believed ourselves to be out of the reach of his myrmidons, and stopped at * * * ch, without entertaining the least apprehension.

sion. In that town I renewed my acquaintance with the amiable brother of the Duke of Braganza. He was an amiable young man, adorned with the most excellent qualities. His understanding was acute and penetrating, his presence of mind unequalled, his disposition jovial, his generosity unbounded. At the same time he was enthusiastic in his friendship, possessed a noble heart, void of every art and suspicion, which however, was the residence of lawful ambition. He was affable in a high degree, and entirely destitute of that foolish pride which so frequently misleads the Spanish and Portuguese nobility to fancy themselves to be a kind of superior beings; his conversation was instructive, and his humanity and kindness to every one unbiassed by selfishness. Whoever saw and conversed with him could not but love him sincerely.

I had not seen him for six years. When we parted, he left our common native country to enter into the Spanish military service. He was when a soldier the same
tender

tender friend which he had been when at home, and with a kind of rapture put me in mind of our juvenile years, which we had spent in sweet congenial unanimity. I loved him as ardently as I hated his brother, who was quite the reverse of him. The Prince was a true foldier, and the Duke a consummate courtier; the former constant in his friendship, and above suspicion; the latter changeable and mistrustful. The former united ambition with courage and personal bravery, the latter an arrogant desire of greatness with cowardice and irresolution; which was the reason that the Prince strove to satisfy his passion in an open and disguised manner, and the Duke by intrigues and artful wiles.

One gloomy afternoon, when I was conversing with the Prince in a confidential manner on the lamentable state of our native country, he related to me, that on the evening previous to his departure, a priest had entered his apartment with a mysterious mien, and exhorted him not to leave his native country in the bloom of his life,

life, as he might act a very important part in a great undertaking which would soon be carried into execution. "I concluded from this hint," the Prince added, "that a plan was carrying on to shake off the Spanish yoke, and to place again on the throne the pretended imprisoned king; but feeling myself not called to have a share in the conspiracy, I paid no regard to his admonition, and departed."

I asked the Prince whether he had not endeavoured to get more intimately acquainted with the priest, and to pump out his secret? The prince replied, "As soon as he saw that I was not inclined to enter into his views, he evaded all my questions and left me. He was the same monk who once, during a riotous concourse of the multitude at the capital, had attracted our notice. You will recollect how he went into the midst of the crowd, exclaiming in an accent of prophetic inspiration: 'There is an inland king existing! he is indeed disguised at present, but soon will shew himself in public.'—

Do

Do you recollect how soon after, the prophesied king appeared, but was seized and imprisoned by the Spanish government, under the fine pretext of being an impostor?"

I recollected this incident very well, and a thought flushed through my head like lightning: I fancied I had found again the features of that monk in the countenance of the Irishman.

The longer I revolved that idea in my mind, the more resemblance I found between these two men. "If the monk and the Irishman are one and the same person," said I to myself, "then it is clear what design he has upon me. A great undertaking is going on, as he has told the Prince, and he wants to implicate me in it. And what undertaking is it? this too is no secret to me. A plan is carrying on to shake off the Spanish yoke, to set the old king at liberty, and to replace him on the throne.— With that view the Irishman once said to me: 'Can you behold with indifference your native country smarting under the whip of a foreign tyrant, and

“ see it waste its strength by degrees?”
“ O! it is clearer than the noon-tide
“ sun, what designs the *Unknown* has upon
“ me.”

I believed firmly I had traced out the plan of the Irishman, and hastened to communicate my discovery to my tutor and the Count. Both were of opinion my suspicion might be well founded, and conjured me by every thing sacred, never to suffer myself to be implicated in such a dangerous plot. My tutor and the Count differed only with regard to the restoration of the old king. “ What concerns the shaking off of the Spanish yoke
“ may be true,” the former said, “ how-
“ ever the good man who was believed
“ to be the old king, died in prison, and
“ it would be ridiculous to *speak* only of
“ his restoration.” The Count replied,
“ that he would not maintain [that he
“ who had pretended to be the old king
“ had been the true one; however, he
“ knew from secret intelligence, that he
“ had not died in prison, as it has been
“ pretended, but had found means to es-
“ cape,

“ cape, and was still alive : yet he did not
“ know the place of his concealment.”—
“ The whole history of this unfortunate
“ Prince,” the Count added, “ is very
“ singular and mysterious. When he was
“ twenty-four years of age he went to war
“ against the Moors ; a bloody battle was
“ fought on a large plain, and although
“ the enemy were very superior in num-
“ ber, yet he put them to flight. How-
“ ever the general of the enemy rallied
“ his army again, and the fortune of war
“ changed on the second attack. The
“ christians were entirely routed, and the
“ king himself was in the greatest danger.
“ Some of his most faithful generals, who
“ had been spared by the fury of the
“ enemy, conjured him to save himself ;
“ and one of them who knew the coun-
“ try offered to lead him to a place of
“ safety. However the young hero re-
“ plied, ‘ What a stain would it be on my
“ royal honour, if it should be said I had
“ fled ! No, my friends, I will retreat like a
“ soldier !’ Three horses had already
“ been killed under him, nevertheless he
Vol. I. L forced

“ forced his way through the enemy to
“ his corps de reserve, which still was in
“ tolerable order, but surrounded on all
“ sides. Some of his attendants called
“ for assistance, and thus the enemy got
“ acquainted with his dignity, surround-
“ ing him closer and closer. Meanwhile
“ the fight was continued, and one after
“ the other of his principal officers was
“ killed by his side. At length one of
“ them, who never had stirred from his
“ side, exclaimed: ‘ My Lord and king,
“ what assistance can we expect here?’—
“ ‘ That which our feats deserve to re-
“ ceive from Heaven,’ the king answered,
“ rushing in the midst of his enemies, and
“ causing a great havoc among the infi-
“ dels. But he was soon surrounded by
“ great numbers, and one of the enemy
“ called to the four knights who had fol-
“ lowed him, to surrender, it being well
“ known that the king was amongst them.
“ One of his faithful knights, who per-
“ ceived too plainly that no other expe-
“ dient was left, begged the king to give
“ him his sword, lest an infidel might seize
“ it;

“ it; however the hero refused firmly to
 “ grant his prayer, exclaiming, ‘ A king
 “ never ought to part with his liberty
 “ but with his life.’ These words wound-
 “ ed the soul of his faithful servant so
 “ deeply, that weary of his life, he rush-
 “ ed into the midst of the enemy, and fell
 “ covered with wounds. The king de-
 “ fended himself some time longer, but
 “ soon was overpowered and disarmed.
 “ Now a quarrel arose among the infidels
 “ on account of the king, every one of
 “ them contending he was *his* prisoner;
 “ the contest soon began to be very
 “ warm, and they attacked each other
 “ sword in hand. Unfortunately a Cady
 “ interrupted them, and seeing their rage,
 “ exclaimed—‘ Ye dogs, Allah has given
 “ you victory, and now you are going to
 “ cut each other to pieces on account of
 “ a prisoner!’ With these words he dis-
 “ persed them with his sabre, and rush-
 “ ing upon the king, whose head was
 “ uncovered, gave him such a blow across
 “ the right eye-brow, that he fell from
 “ his horse mortally wounded to all ap-

“pearance. The rest of the infidels see-
“ing this, gave him some more wounds
“upon the head and neck, being hinder-
“ed by his armour from wounding his
“body. ‘Thus,’ added the knight, who
“was an eye-witness of that lamentable
“scene, and communicated the particu-
“lars to me, ‘thus the best and most va-
“liant king was inhumanly butchered in
“the spring of his life.’ As soon as the
“news of his death was known, five pre-
“tenders to the crown of my country
“arose at once. All these rivals proved
“the validity of their title in a most spe-
“cious manner, but the most powerful of
“them carried the palm of victory. The
“king of Spain had the good fortune to
“possess himself of the crown of Portugal;
“and ever since my native country has
“groaned under the tyranny of a foreign
“power, which, however, some years ago
“was in danger of receiving a mortal
“blow, the king, whose death was uni-
“versally believed, appearing at once at
“Venice! The new pretender found much
“credit, not only with the multitude, but

“ also with many grandees. His preten-
 “ sions were particularly strengthened by
 “ some of my countrymen who had known
 “ the king personally, and often declared
 “ upon their honour, that his features,
 “ his size and voice resembled exactly
 “ that of their royal master. He was sup-
 “ ported so powerfully, that he soon be-
 “ gan to live in a manner answering to
 “ his dignity, and declared himself pub-
 “ licly to be the person whom he repre-
 “ sented. This alarmed the Spanish Am-
 “ bassador at Venice, who succeeded at
 “ length in persuading the senate to arrest
 “ him. On his examination he related,
 “ that he had been dangerously wounded
 “ in that fatal battle, but in a most won-
 “ derful manner saved from death. He
 “ added he had been cured in Algarbia,
 “ and being ashamed of showing himself
 “ to any known person, after so great a
 “ misfortune, he had taken the resolution
 “ to visit Abyssinia, and other remote
 “ countries and kingdoms: in his wan-
 “ derings he had come to Persia, assisted
 “ in many battles, and received many

“ wounds : at length he had been tired
“ of leading a wandering life, and found
“ an asylum in a monastery in Georgia,
“ where he had lived many years ; ’till at
“ length the desire of re-visiting his sub-
“ jects had impelled him to leave his asy-
“ lum. He farther added, he had landed
“ first in Sicily, and from thence dispatch-
“ ed a messenger to his kingdom, who
“ however, had never returned, which
“ had prompted him to visit his country
“ in person, but previously to implore the
“ interposition of the Pope, which he had
“ been prevented from carrying into exe-
“ cution by the villainy of his own peo-
“ ple, who had robbed him on the road.
“ After that misfortune, he said, he had
“ repaired to Venice, where he had been
“ recognized by some of his former sub-
“ jects.

“ However, his assertion still wanted
“ those proofs which one justly would re-
“ quire. He declared frankly that he re-
“ lied on the candour and assistance of the
“ Venetian Senate, who would easily re-
“ collect what letters he had wrote to
“ them

“ them during the last war against the
“ Turks, and how much desire he had
“ evinced to assist them powerfully, al-
“ ledging that whoever had seen the king
“ could not but recognise the identity
“ of his person. And, indeed, every ap-
“ pearance was in his favour with regard
“ to this point. His features not only
“ resembled exactly those of the true king,
“ but, what is particularly remarkable,
“ the left side of his body was shorter
“ than his right, which was exactly the
“ case with the prince whom he repre-
“ sented. A scar of a wound, which the
“ king had received above his right eye-
“ brow when a child, was very visible,
“ and many other marks by which that
“ prince had been distinguished, were
“ found upon him after a close exami-
“ nation. He remained nevertheless three
“ whole years shut up in a prison. Mean-
“ while my countrymen endeavoured to
“ move heaven and earth in his favour.
“ The Senate of Venice being pressed
“ from all sides, decreed at length that
“ he should leave their territory on pain

“ of being sent to the gallies for the rest
“ of his life. My countrymen deliberated
“ now carefully which road the king
“ should take in order to return to his
“ kingdom, whether he should go by way
“ of Germany, Swisserland, or France.—
“ Unfortunately he chose the latter road,
“ and no sooner had he entered the fron-
“ tiers of Florence, disguised in the garb
“ of a Dominican friar, than he was ap-
“ prehended by order of the Grand Duke,
“ and delivered up to the Spanish go-
“ vernment at Naples, which, as one
“ may easily conceive, was very anxious
“ to seize upon a person, who was so
“ dangerous to the court of Madrid.—
“ When the Spanish Viceroy ordered him
“ to be brought into his presence, he faced
“ him with great confidence, and seeing
“ that he was uncovered, said to him—
“ ‘ Be covered, Count !’ Upon the Vice-
“ roy’s question, who had given him the
“ power to use such freedom ? he replied
“ with noble frankness, ‘ He who made
“ me a king ! how can you pretend not
“ to know me ? Don’t you recollect that
“ the

“ the king has sent you twice to my court,
 “ and that on that occasion I gave you
 “ a sword set with jewels, and your lady
 “ a diamond ring of great value?” This
 “ being literally true, the Viceroy order-
 “ ed a number of rich swords and dia-
 “ mond rings to be brought into the
 “ apartment. The king not only knew
 “ instantly the pieces in question, select-
 “ ing them from the rest, but at the same
 “ time touched a secret spring of the jewel
 “ and shewed beneath it his name, which
 “ till then had been discovered neither
 “ by the Count nor his lady.

“ But what was the consequence of
 “ these convincing proofs? He was plac-
 “ ed upon an ass, carried through the
 “ streets of Naples as an impostor, and
 “ sent to the galleys. When he approach-
 “ ed the coasts of Portugal, a general
 “ commotion took place in my native
 “ country. The monks, being dissatis-
 “ fied with the Spanish government, stir-
 “ red up the populace, and a general re-
 “ volt was on the eve of breaking out.—
 “ Tranquillity and order were, indeed,

“ soon restored; two monks were gibbet-
“ ed, and several other persons executed;
“ however the commotion was not en-
“ tirely stopped. The government of
“ Spain were obliged to secure the person
“ of the unhappy man in a castle at St.
“ Luke, where he was closely confined,
“ and is commonly believed to have died.
“ However the manner of his death has
“ never transpired, and for that very rea-
“ son, the rumour of his having effected
“ his escape cannot be refuted directly.
“ However improbable his flight may be,
“ yet the impossibility of it never can be
“ proved. The government of Spain
“ may have had good reasons for pre-
“ tending the fugitive was dead, partly
“ in order to prevent the former com-
“ motions from breaking out again, and
“ partly animated by the hope that, inti-
“ midated by his repeated fruitless at-
“ tempts, he would never dare to appear
“ once more upon the stage, as he
“ would have reason to fear being traced
“ out and imprisoned a second time.”

This

This is the substance of the account given us upon this subject by the Count, who (which I must not forget to mention) had confessed to us on the road, that his name was not *Barbis*, but *Clairval*. “The former name,” added he, “I have adopted by desire of the Countess, who fancied a fictitious name would enable me to trace out easier the murderer of my brother.” No sooner had the Count pronounced these last words than I grew pale. This sudden striking change could not escape the eagle looks of the Count, and he stared by turns at me and my tutor. The latter thought silence would be more dangerous than a frank confession, and disclosed to the Count, without reserve, the whole history of the apparition at the castle of the Countess, vowing, at the same time, that the latter must certainly have been imposed upon by the Irishman, who very probably had bribed some of her servants to carry on his secret intrigues with more security, the noble character of my father being in open

contradiction with a murder by hired assassins.

The Count protested he was entirely of the same opinion with my tutor, and could not but think the whole adventure the effect of a fine spun deception of the Irishman. “Not only the noble character of the Duke, your father,” added he, “but other circumstances too, prove, without contradiction, that he can have had no hand in the assassination of my brother, who never was in your country.”

“Well, then the cheat is laid open at once!” I exclaimed, “for I am certain that my father has not left his country these six years.”

We were, soon after, more strongly convinced, that the apparition at the castle had been nothing else but a deception; for the Count received a letter from Amelia, in which the history of her recovery was related in a manner entirely different from the account of her valet de chambre. “Having been seized with a death-like fainting fit, (these are her very words) I received a visit from
“ the

“ the *Unknown*, who, as I afterwards have
“ been told by my people, poured some
“ drops out of a small phial into my
“ mouth and left me, after he had given
“ orders to my nurse, to give me what-
“ ever I should desire upon my recovery
“ from my state of insensibility.—
“ Awaking from my swoon, I felt a vio-
“ lent hunger and thirst, which were no
“ sooner appeased, than I was animated
“ with new life and vigour. The next
“ day I was able to leave my bed,
“ and, in a short time, was as well as
“ ever I had been. My valet (added
“ she) has disappeared suddenly, and I
“ have not seen him since.”

The latter circumstance left no doubt of Palefki's being in the pay of the Irishman. Probably he apprehended that his secret correspondence with that impostor would be detected sooner or later, and for that reason disappeared in good time.—What else than such a connection with the *Unknown* could have prompted him to write two letters which contained so many fictions, entirely to the advantage of
of

of the Irishman. If he had related the fact in a simple and natural manner, like the Countess, I should indeed have thought the benefactor of Amelia to be a skilful, or at least a fortunate physician: however, the manner in which he represented the matter, could not but produce an effect quite different. Paleski had the greatest reason to expect the Irishman would appear to me a kind of superior being. To resuscitate by a touch and a few words a dead person, who had been in her coffin three days and nights; this could not have been effected by natural means, and it was not the fault of the Irishman or Paleski, that I received a true account of the matter, contrary to their expectation, which entirely dissolved the charm. On the other side, let us suppose this accident had not happened, I had not got acquainted with the Count, and consequently not seen Amelia's account, would then my belief in the Irishman's supernatural power not have been nursed, strengthened and raised to the highest pitch. "O! it is doubtless!" I exclaimed,

ed,

ed, ‘ that these two fellows have been
“ leagued, and availed themselves of my
“ weak side ; it is doubtless that they acted
“ in concert, when my tutor, Amelia, and
“ myself were deceived by the pretended
“ apparition.”

Count Clairval and my tutor were highly rejoiced to see me cured of my prejudices, which had chained me to the *Unknown* with iron fetters, and threatened to produce the most dreadful consequences. I myself was glad to have been freed in time from an error which had been rooted so deeply in my soul, and thanked the Count with sensations of the sincerest gratitude for having delivered me twice from the power of the Irishman.

The Count had gained the favour of the Prince of Braganza in a high degree, being an excellent companion, and the Prince fond of social pleasures. He therefore accompanied my tutor and myself every evening to the Prince, where we spent our time in the most agreeable manner. One evening, the latter gave a little feast, and all the guests were already
assembled

assembled except my tutor, who had mis-
sed to come at the fixed hour. I sent my
servant several times for him, but he al-
ways returned without being able to find
him out. This accident made me very
uneasy, and the Count and myself did not
know what to think of it. It grew late,
and still my tutor did not come. The
feast was finished, the company left the
house, two hours after midnight were past,
and we were still waiting in vain for him,
seized with anxious apprehension. At
length, I went home accompanied by the
Count. The hope of finding him at our
hotel winged our steps; however, we were
sadly disappointed, the apartment and the
bed of my tutor being empty. Seized
with terror, we awakened the landlord,
inquiring after my governor, but neither
he nor his people could tell us more, than
that he had left the house at nine o'clock.
The night elapsed amid anxious bodings,
morning began to dawn, and my tutor did
not appear. My apprehensions and anxiety
surpassed all description. I put every
one around me in motion, dispatched mes-
sengers

messengers to search for him every where, and rode with the Count to all the neighbouring places, but we returned late at night without having seen or heard more of him than our messengers. Three days elapsed amid fruitless searches, I spared neither money nor promises, and the Prince himself did every thing in his power to find him out, but in vain ! we could not trace him out. The last ray of hope disappeared, making room to the most tormenting pain of mind, which baffled every attempt of the Count to comfort me.

One day as I was musing on the greatness of my loss, and was walking up and down the room in gloomy reverie, the Count received a letter from the magistrate. He opened, read, and gave it me with marks of surprise and astonishment. I read the following lines :

“ MY LORD,

“ I am going to communicate to you matters which certainly will far surpass your expectation and appear very improbable,

“ ble,

“ ble, nay, even contradictory to you,
“ though they are literally true. I acted
“ right before the tribunal of my con-
“ science, when I ordered the Irishman to
“ be taken up, and yet I repent of it sin-
“ cerely. It was the Irishman who has
“ ruined me in the East Indies, and yet I
“ cannot reproach him for it. He cheat-
“ ed the banker of 15,000l. and yet he is,
“ at least in my eyes, justified on that ac-
“ count. My former hatred against him
“ is changed into admiration, and I wish
“ most ardently it were in my power to
“ deliver him from the prison, where a
“ severe doom awaits him. Hear, how
“ these apparant contradictions are con-
“ nected,

“ Two days after your departure, the
“ Irishman sent for me. Several—per-
“ haps not very honourable—reasons,
“ prompted me to grant his request.
“ ‘ You have taken me up,’ said he,
“ when I entered his dungeon, ‘ because
“ you think I was the author of your
“ misfortune and cheated the banker.
“ You have acted right in your opinion,
“ and

“ and I have not sent for you in order to
“ reproach you, although you are to be
“ blamed on account of the precipi-
“ tation with which you acted ; nor have
“ I sent for you because I think it
“ my duty to account to you for my
“ actions. There is but *one*,” said he with
“ a solemn accent, uncovering his head
“ and lifting up his eyes to heaven,
“ ‘ there is but *one* to whom I am ac-
“ countable. I acknowledge no other
“ judge but him who has sent me, and
“ whose secret orders to execute I am de-
“ puted to man. I have sent for you for
“ no other reason,” he continued, cover-
“ ing his head, ‘ than to rectify your
“ erroneous notions. You believe that I
“ have committed an ignoble, mean action,
“ by robbing the banker of that sum ; I
“ forgive you this error, for it is the com-
“ mon melancholic lot of mortals to judge
“ of matters and actions by their external
“ appearance. You will think otherwise
“ when you shall have learnt the real
“ state of that matter. Do you know that
“ Finaldi in whose service you have been?

“ Do

“ Do you know that his immense wealth
“ is the fruit of the most sordid avarice,
“ and abominable usury ; that in his chests
“ the property of a thousand ruined fami-
“ lies, ruined by his oppression, is buried,
“ and that his money is stained with the
“ tears of widows and orphans ? A man
“ of a noble heart, who in the times of
“ prosperity had raised the penniless Fi-
“ naldi from the dust by loans of great
“ amount, to the highest pinnacle of abun-
“ dance, lost the greatest part of his pro-
“ perty through his unbounded liberality,
“ and partly through miscarried under-
“ takings. He applied to Finaldi for
“ assistance, and that ungrateful wretch
“ completed his ruin, by extorting from
“ him exorbitant interests. Misery and
“ pungent grief undermined the health of
“ the hapless man by degrees, and threw
“ him at length upon the bed of sickness.
“ He sent his wife to the banker to im-
“ plore his assistance ; Finaldi promised
“ to relieve him, but under conditions
“ which filled his chaste consort with hor-
“ ror and contempt. She went home
“ weeping

“ weeping and helpless, and experienced
 “ the additional misery to return empty
 “ handed to seven half-starved children,
 “ who were crying for bread. ‘ Go you to
 “ him, my children,’ the afflicted father
 “ said, ‘ perhaps the sight of you may
 “ move his heart !’ But the good man was
 “ deceived, for the barbarian ordered his
 “ servants to kick them out of the house.
 “ That deed cried to heaven for punish-
 “ ment. I went to the unhappy sufferer,
 “ asking him whether he could resolve to
 “ leave the East-Indies, if I could procure
 “ him 15,000*l.* ? He affirmed it, and I
 “ carried that sum out of the coffers of
 “ the banker to his house ; that is, I re-
 “ stored to the ruined man one part of his
 “ property, and the happy family left with
 “ me the country where they had been
 “ treated with savage cruelty.”—Here the
 Irishman paused, expecting my answer.

“ Concerning that matter,” I replied,
 “ you have justified yourself ; at least, to
my satisfaction ; but will you not let
 me know the means which you made use of
 in order to get the sum in question in your
 possession ?”

The

The Irishman mused awhile, and then said, "The means which I made use of are very simple, and for that reason you will not think them worth notice. But as they were most fit and safe to execute a laudable design, prudence bade me to use them. I had got intelligence that the greatest part of the banker's treasure was kept in the second story, and in the dead of night, got upon a ladder to the windows. Having opened the shutters and windows with proper instruments, I descended into the room, and examined it by the light of a lanthorn, which illuminated only that spot where I was, while the rest of the apartment remained dark. Having opened the repositories and chests with a master-key, a row of money-bags presented itself to my eyes. Every one of them was marked with a slip of paper, upon which the amount of the sum which they contained, and the coin was wrote. I marked instantly the numbers of those bags which I designed for the unfortunate family, and sealed them with my own seal. Then I wrote a letter to the banker, in
which

which I informed him that I was sending him 15000l. in piafters, begging him to keep that fum, 'till I fhould demand it back. Having fealed this letter after I had taken a copy, I opened it and laid it upon one of the money-bags which I had marked. Then I locked the repofitory and the cheft, and left the apartment in the fame manner I had entered it. What happened the day following, I need not tell you."

"I muft confeß," I exclaimed, "you have executed your plan in a mafterly manner—I only think," added I after a fhort pause, "the means too human, and ill-becoming a man who can work miracles." "Who told you that I can work *miracles*?" the Irishman replied. "No one except the great Ruler of the world, can interrupt the courfe of nature, and alter her laws; at moft, mortals may ferve him as instruments to execute the wonders of his omnipotence. I do not deny that I have been appointed feveral times to be a minifter of Providence, but no mortal being can work miracles on his own accord."

cord. The whole of the power intrusted to me, consists in the knowledge and application of such powers of nature as are concealed from the short-sighted eye of mortals. At the same time I cannot but confess, that the mysterious deeds which I perform by virtue of that knowledge, appear to men to be wonders, because the spectator is unacquainted with the means by which they are effected. Mark well what I am going to tell you now. Although the higher unknown powers of nature are at my command, yet this power has been intrusted to me, only under the condition never to make an improper use of it, and never to have recourse to it while common human means shall be sufficient to attain my view. And this was the case in the affair of the banker, when I determined to save an unhappy family from ruin. There nothing was wanting, as the event has proved, but art and precaution, and consequently I durst not have recourse to the higher power entrusted to me."

"This doubt," said I, "you also have cleared up to my satisfaction; but what will

will you answer if I ask you how I have deserved to have been rendered miserable by you? Why did you ruin the happiness of an innocent man, while you saved an unfortunate family from ruin? ‘I could tell you,’ the Irishman resumed, ‘that in a case of collision, the happiness of an individual must be sacrificed to the welfare of a whole family; however, I have no need to have recourse to that sophism. It was not I who has destroyed your happiness, it was you. Why did you flee? Was you not conscious of your innocence? No one could have convicted you of a breach of trust. Besides, I had taken care that three days after my departure, a letter was delivered to the banker, in which I explained to him the means by which he had lost his money, and the reason which had prompted me to rob him of that sum. Thus you would have been cleared of all suspicion, have retained your place in Finaldi’s house, and not lost your mistress.’

“I wanted to stay,” I replied, “but my friend represented the danger so pressing—”

“How could you,” the Irishman interrupted me, “believe that man to be your friend? He persuaded you to make your escape, in order to occupy your place in Finaldi’s house, and in the heart of your mistress. However, his hope of supplanting you in the heart of the latter, was disappointed; that he succeeded with respect to the former, I need not to tell you.” “Alas!” I exclaimed, “then my foreboding has not deceived me.” Why did you suffer yourself,” the Irishman continued, “to be taken in by false appearances? Why did you confide in a man of whose bad heart you could have convinced yourself by a vigorous trial? However I will not wound you by reproaches. You have been your own punisher.” Here he stopped. I felt deeply the justness of his remarks, and could not bear any longer the sight of him. “I have imprisoned you,” said I at length, “what can I do for you?” “Nothing,” was his reply, “but to suffer justice to take its own course.” “But if justice should be blind?” “Then,” he replied, “I shall have an invisible

visible guardian who will protect me, and break these fetters." With these words, he dismissed me; however, my mind has been dreadfully agitated ever since. I fancied I had arrested a villain, and am now convinced too late of my error. The consequences of my rashness will bear heavy upon him; if he is not saved by a miracle, then he certainly will be burnt alive. The judges of this extraordinary man have discovered, during his imprisonment, matters of so singular a nature, that they firmly believe him to be a forcerer, and you know, Count, how inexorable our laws are with regard to that point. If he dies, his blood will cry loudly against me.

"You will now see, what I have said in the beginning of my letter is connected. You shall soon hear again from me, and receive a faithful account of the issue of a trial, which fills me with gloomy apprehensions. 'Till then farewell! &c. &c. &c."

"What do you think of the contents of this letter?" The Count said when I re-

turned it to him with evident marks of astonishment.

“ I must confess this letter has almost entirely changed my bad opinion of the Irishman.”

“ I might almost say mine too !”

“ By heaven ! if your incredulity begins to waver, then I have no reason to blush at my relapse !”

The Count seemed to be lost in profound meditation, walking up and down the apartment with hasty strides. “ No !” he exclaimed at length, “ it is impossible I should have been so much mistaken with regard to that man. I still affirm he either must be a charletan or a consummate rogue !”

“ But his defence seems not to confirm this hard judgment of yours. The serious, solemn, and frank tone of his defence, the equanimity with which he submits to his fate, and the confidence with which he awaits the final issue of his trial—”

“ Is probably dissimulation and rank deception—nothing else. Nevertheless,” continued the Count, after some reflection

tion, "if I consider that my friend, who has learnt to distinguish between appearances and reality, between dissimulation and truth, who has himself had a very bad opinion of the Irishman, and without doubt, accepted his invitation for no other reason than to unmask and to humble him; if I consider that my friend, notwithstanding this, excommunicates him entirely, and admires a man whom he firmly believed to be a villain—one should think that all cannot be deception and hypocrisy."

"Believe me, Count!" I exclaimed, "in a situation like that of the Irishman, in which nothing can be gained by hypocrisy and deception, and which excludes all hope of delivery by natural means, deception and hypocrisy are almost impossible."

The Count started a few more objections, however, he could not persuade me that his bad opinion of the Irishman had not received a mortal blow.

"If your tutor were but here," said he, when he felt the weight of my arguments, "he would refute, with more

“ success than I, your returning good
“ opinion of the Irishman.”

The words tutor, and Irishman! were scarcely pronounced, when a thought flushed through my soul.—“ Should not
“ the Irishman be acquainted with the
“ fate of my tutor? I am almost certain,
“ Count, that if any body can inform us
“ of his fate, the Irishman can !”

“ I doubt it very much !”

“ I will at least make a trial. The least
“ appearance of possibility ought to de-
“ termine me to make an attempt. Let
“ us return and conjure the Irishman to
“ tell us whether he knows any thing of
“ the fate of my tutor ?”

“ How can you flatter yourself to get
“ admission to a prisoner who is shut up
“ in an inaccessible dungeon? but let us
“ suppose you could get access to him,
“ it is very probable that he will be
“ executed before we shall have travel-
“ led so many hundred miles, as my friend
“ mentions that his trial will not be de-
“ layed. If you, however, are determin-
“ ed to make a trial, you may as well

“ write

“ write to my friend, who will execute
 “ your commission with the greatest punc-
 “ tuality, if your letter does not arrive
 “ too late.”

“ Excellent !” I exclaimed, “ I will write
 “ instantly.”

“ Stop ! one moment only,” the Count
 said when I was going to leave him, “ did
 “ not the Irishman promise to meet us at
 “ * * * n ?”

“ Indeed I had entirely forgot this pro-
 “ mise !”

“ Should we not rather travel to * * * n,
 “ and see whether he will be as good as
 “ his word ? I reason thus : If this extra-
 “ ordinary man really is what he pretends
 “ to be, if he really possesses supernatu-
 “ ral powers, then he certainly will meet
 “ us at * * * n, according to his promise,
 “ and then you will get the intelligence
 “ which you desire. But if he is an im-
 “ postor, you will not receive the least
 “ intelligence concerning the fate of your
 “ tutor ; you may address him in person
 “ or by way of letters, consequently I
 “ think

“ think both our return and a letter to my friend will be useless.”

I could not but approve the Count's reasoning, and we agreed to repair to * * * n, a place which was near three hundred miles distant from our present residence. The Count and myself parted reluctantly with the Prince of Braganza, who was not less unwilling to be separated from us. However the desire of seeing whether the Irishman would fulfil his promise, and the hope of hearing tidings of my tutor would have hurried me even out of—Amelia's arms. “ Let us be gone without delay,” I exclaimed, “ a secret presentiment tells me our journey will not be fruitless!”

We had resided already a whole month at * * * n, without having either heard or seen any thing of the Irishman, but I did not, nevertheless, give up every hope.—About that time my father, whom I had informed of the disappearance of my tutor, wrote me a letter replete with expressions of the greatest affliction. He had esteemed

esteemed that worthy man as a true philosopher, and loved him as tenderly as a brother. This it was that prompted my father to grant my request to continue my travels under the tuition of Count Clairval, of whom my tutor had spoken with the greatest regard in a former letter to my parent. If he had known that this Count was a brother of Amelia's late husband, he would probably have refused my request. However my tutor had been silent on that head, and the Prince of Braganza too had recommended him in so advantageous a manner, that he was very happy to place me under his protection.

The same letter informed me, that very lately a commotion had happened in Estremadura, in favour of the brother of the Prince of Braganza, whose party had loudly demanded him to be placed on the throne of Portugal.—“ You know,” my father added, “ that almost one third of
“ the kingdom belongs to the Duke ; you
“ know the title which the house of Braganza has to the crown ; should it
“ there-

“therefore be so very improbable that
“the conspirators will carry their point
“sooner or later! However, I declare
“solemnly, that notwithstanding our *rela-*
“*tion* to the family of Braganza, I never
“shall take a share in a plot tending to
“invade the rights of a king to whom I
“have sworn allegiance.”

“What am I to think of this incident?”
said I to the Count. “But a few minutes
“ago we were of opinion that a secret
“design was carrying on to replace the
“old dethroned king on the royal seat
“of his ancestors, and now we are made
“acquainted with a pretender to the
“crown entirely different from him?”—
The Count shrugged his shoulders.

That very day we received a second
letter from the Magistrate. He informed
us, that the Irishman, who had been con-
demned to be burnt publicly in twelve
days, was looking forward to his execu-
tion with the greatest serenity and uncon-
cern. And yet, I don’t know how it
came, I retained still a spark of hope to
see

see the Irishman once more, notwithstanding the ridicule of the Count.

One evening, which had succeeded a very sultry day, the Count proposed a walk to a neighbouring wood. The sky was serene when we set out, but we had scarcely been an hour in the wood when it was suddenly overclouded, and the air began to grow very heavy. Every body had already left the field from the fear of an approaching storm; it was growing late, and the lightning and distant rolling of the thunder announced the impending tempest. We were going to return to the town, when suddenly cries of distress vibrated in our ears from a great distance. We hastened towards the spot whence the cries proceeded, and perceived a human figure, who was running with incredible velocity, looking back every now and then, as if pursued by robbers. As soon as the fugitive saw us, he hastened to meet us. I started back with horror, the figure resembling more a living spectre than a human being. His haggard countenance was covered with a death-like
pale-

paleness, his tattered garments were floating in the storm, and his naked feet were stained with blood. But, conceive my astonishment, when the miserable wretch pronounced my name, and dropped to the ground. I stepped nearer to examine his features, and beheld--Palefki, the valet of Amelia!

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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